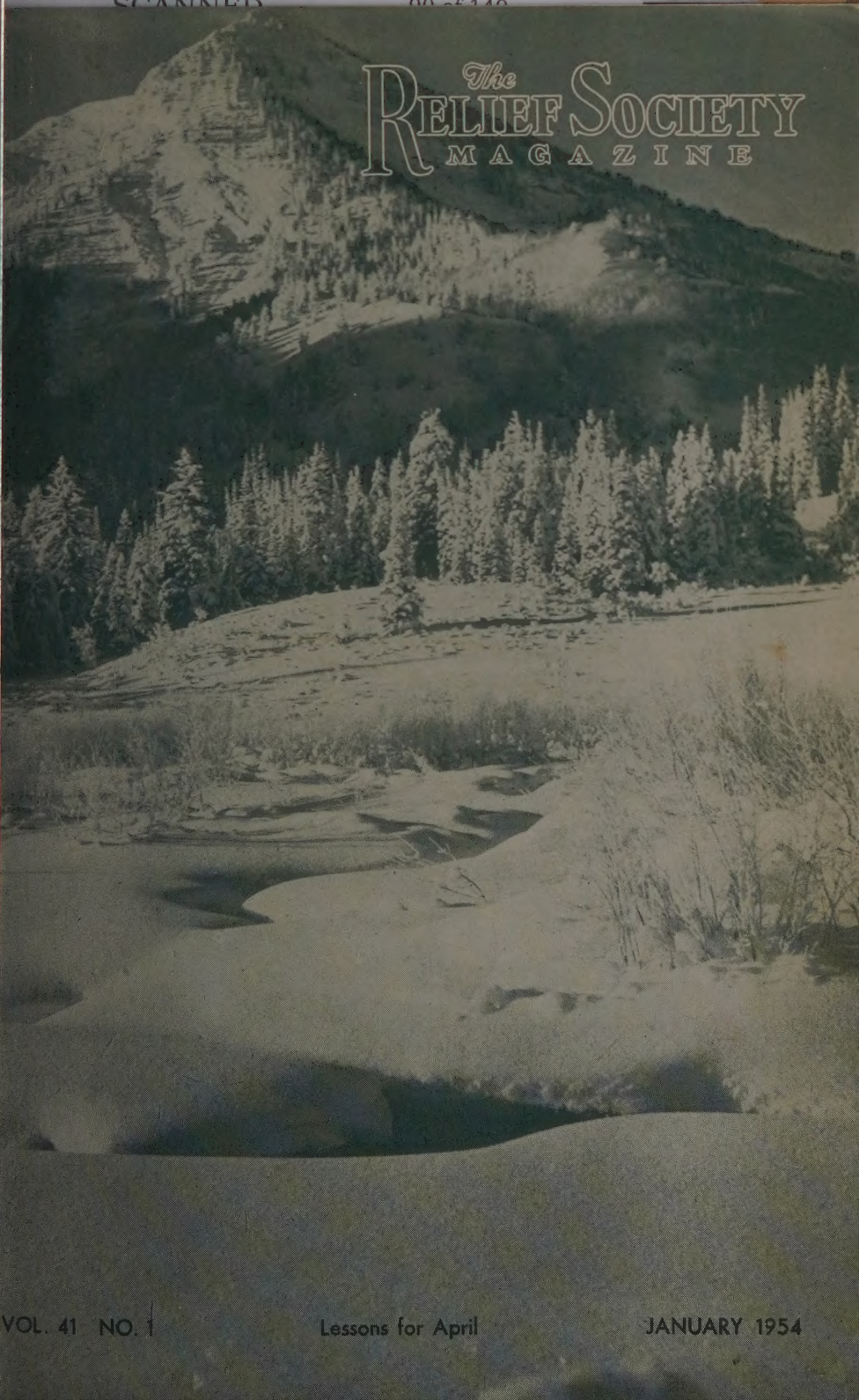
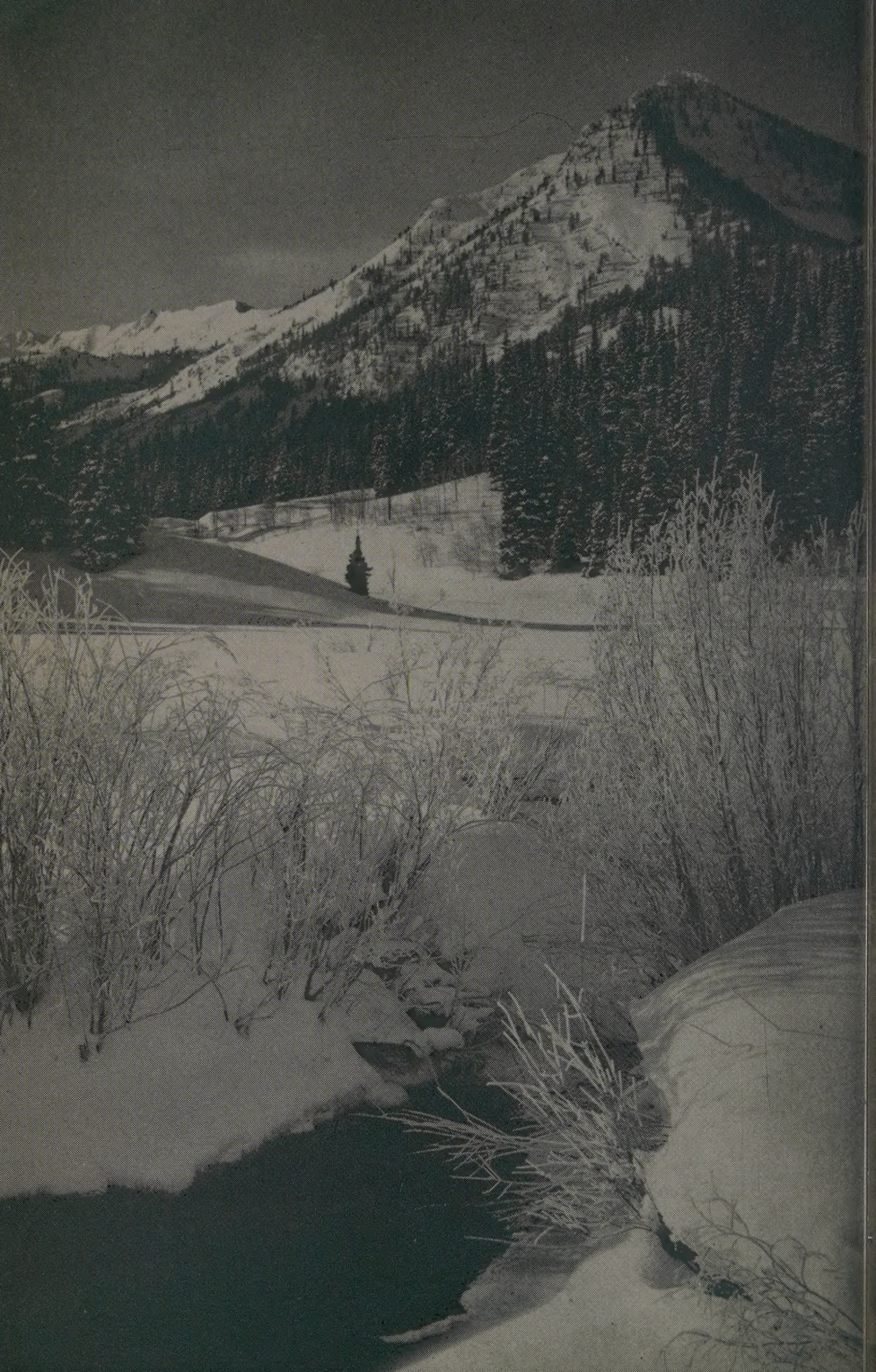


VOL. 41 NO. 1 Lessons for April JANUARY 1954



A New Year's Message to "Doubt Not, Fear Not"

AS 1954 begins its year's span, the general board expresses gratitude for the righteousness of the lives of Relief Society members during the past year, and for their accomplishments not only in things of material value, but, above all, in the things of the spirit. Through study and faith and works encouraged by membership in the divinely inspired Relief Society, Relief Society women, reading the signs of the times, are prayerfully strengthening their testimonies so that their faith will sustain them, their hope increase and blossom into a charity which will envelop others in need of its healing. Known to them is the fulfillment of prophecy. In their hearts is a longing for the peace of the millennium; and the words of Tennyson, recently studied in Relief Society, find an echoing response:

> Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
> Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
> Ring out the thousand wars of old;
> Ring in a thousand years of peace.

Because of wickedness, most men have ceased to anticipate the millennium. They ascribe to modern discoveries of nature's secrets, signs of the earth's dissolution. They deny the Maker of the worlds and his purposes, and the mission of his Son, the only name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Though "heaven and earth shall pass away; yet my words shall not pass away, but all shall be fulfilled," the Lord has told the inhabitants of this earth. But having ears they hear not, and having eyes they see not.

To the righteous there are comfort and everlasting joy in the words of the Lord. As this new year grows old, let Relief Society members become safe-folded in the flock of the Master, for he has promised: "Fear not, little flock, do good; let earth and hell combine against you, for if ye are built upon my rock, they cannot prevail . . . . Look unto me in every thought; doubt not, fear not."

This is our prayer for our sisters of Relief Society,

Belle S. Spafford
Marianne C. Sharp
Velma N. Simonsen

From Near and Far

I am deeply impressed with the amount of labor you have expended with the Library of Congress and other sources to secure the pictures and information on the framers of the Constitution (October 1953). It is a very valuable piece of work . . . . I doubt that few schoolrooms have, in convenient form, these pictures and the accompanying thumbnail sketches.

—G. Homer Durham
Vice-President,
University of Utah

Today I especially want to thank you for the *Magazine*, and for the article "The Renovating and Dressing of Dolls" (by Thelma Standering, November 1953). Recently I had given my four-year-old daughter a doll that had been mine when I was a small child. Well, she left it out in the rain last night and the doll just looks awful—the whole body is all bumpy. Well, after reading that article, I have hopes for this doll and two others that I want to fix up. So, instead of feeling like crying, I feel like singing. I'm not artistic, but I do have hopes.

—June W. Robertson
San Mateo, California

I know that thousands of sisters must feel about our wonderful *Magazine* as I do. What care and good taste and discrimination you do exercise in its compilation. I am so proud to let my friends and sisters know how important it is to me. Let me call attention to page 752 in the November issue. That little four-line poem by Cynthia A. Scott is well worth headline publication in my estimation. How carefully it is written and how true the message!

—Clara Horne Park
San Mateo, California

Roxana Farnsworth Hase, long-time contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*, has recently had her poems collected in a delightful anthology *Delicious Lumps*, published by Vantage Press, New York City. The poems are entertaining reading for the family and many of them have been used in plays, programs, and pageants.

It certainly was a thrill to the Box Elder Chapter of the American Association of Penwomen to have three of their five poets appear together in the November *Relief Society Magazine* (Eleanor W. Schow, Maude O. Cook, and Renie H. Littlewood) . . . . Of course the poetry is the first thing we look for in the *Magazine*, but, as most of us are Relief Society members, we are also interested in other features of the *Magazine* and enjoy every bit of it.

—Renie H. Littlewood
Brigham City, Utah

I am glad you editors enjoyed my poem "Suds" (November 1953). I tried to think of the most unlovely thing to me and write a poem about it.

—Ivy Houtz Woolley
Ogden, Utah

OUR MAGAZINE

Here's something we all love so well
Our *Magazine*, dear *Magazine*;
The help it gives each tongue can tell
Our *Magazine*, dear *Magazine*.

Wherever L. D. S. are known
We want to find in every home
A sister who is proud to own
Our *Magazine*, dear *Magazine*.

—Annie M. Ellsworth, President
Central States Mission Relief Society

(Verses may be sung to the tune "MIA, Our MIA")

I should like to take this opportunity to tell you how much I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*, especially since it is impossible for me to attend Relief Society meetings, as we live nearly fifty miles from the nearest branch of the Church. The *Magazine* keeps me in touch with what the sisters are doing, and when we are in a location where I can attend the meetings, I am sure I shall feel at home. I enjoy all the stories in the *Magazine*, and the articles and poetry immensely.

—Maurine B. Hansen
Rocky Boy Agency
Box Elder, Montana

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Individual Welfare in a Time of Plenty

Bishop Carl W. Buehner
Of the Presiding Bishopric

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 30, 1953]

IT is a most inspiring experience to be here this morning with the leaders of the great Relief Society organization from all over the Church. If my arithmetic is correct, over ninety-nine per cent of all the stakes are represented here this morning, and I think I saw one sister stand up who is here from New Zealand. I have a great love for New Zealand after the two weeks I spent there. This is marvelous. I have learned to love your Relief Society presidency more than I will ever be able to tell you. They are great leaders, very inspiring leaders, and I am sure that the affairs of the Relief Society are in wonderful hands.

If I am a little nervous this morning, it is because I am not accustomed to speaking to such a large conference of women. You look like a beautiful flower garden. I feel like the counselor recently conducting a quarterly conference. The stake president, we learned, was in the hospital with a very serious operation, and the counselor was a little nervous, too. During the course of the meeting he said, "Our choir will now sing 'Let the Mountains Shake for Joy.'" You understand what I mean.

It was wonderful to hear Sister Spafford's report of the accomplishments of this great organization—to witness the roll call this morning. It is tremendously interesting to sit on the stand, and observe sisters standing up in large groups, representing the stakes from all over the Church. I enjoyed the wonderful report of Sister Wright, Sister Stoddard's very excellent talk, and the beautiful music. It is just a real thrill to be with you in conference this morning.

I have been assigned a welfare subject to discuss with you. This may bring you out of the clouds and back down to earth, but I know of no subject more interesting to all of us than our security. I have a great love for the Welfare Program, and have heard some outstanding testimonies of its application to members of the Church. I am sold on it all the way. Inside the covers of the little blue Welfare handbook, we have, in my opinion, the greatest security program that man has ever seen. It should be so, for it is the Lord's program of taking care of his children. I sincerely hope we appreciate it and do something about it.

The subject I am to discuss this morning is "Individual Welfare in a Time of Plenty." This indicates we may not have taken advantage of the good years we have enjoyed to prepare ourselves for the time of need. I would like to make one or two observations relative to the program that may present a little different approach from the manner in which it has been presented

to us in the past. That which will be discussed, I am sure, will not reveal anything new, but I trust will be helpful in seeing our problem.

NUMBER one is that literally we are all welfare cases. I assume we have not thought of the problem in this way, but most of our time, our energy, and our money is spent to take care of the physical comforts of the body. This does not infer that we must ask anyone for assistance, but certainly, all we work for, and the result of our labor are largely required to take care of our physical comforts. I have often thought of the many things we could do with the money we could have were it not all required for this purpose. Think of our physical condition for a moment. If we are sick, we want to get well. If we are hungry, we want to eat. When we get too warm, we want to get cool. When we are too cold, we want to get warm. Besides this, we need clothing, shelter, and the many other comforts our body requires. This is what commands a great deal of our effort, our energy, our time, and our finances.

The second observation I should like to make is that there is little difference between those of us who seem to have all we need and those in need of assistance. So many things can happen so swiftly to change our situation from one of comparative comfort to one of distress. I am thinking of drouth, frost, floods, famine, fires, strikes, illness, and other circumstances that come quickly to cause us distress, and prevent us from earning our normal livelihood. As an example, just recently I was in a stake where the major income in the community is derived from the production of fruit. While there, we inspected the bishop's storehouse, and discovered no fruit for distribution. This was in the peak of the fruit season, and some people were complaining because of the absence of fruit in the storehouse. After a little investigation, we said, "Look at all the orchards here and the immense production of fruit in this area. Certainly this is one thing the storehouse ought to be filled with." "Ah," but they said, "we had a very severe frost this spring, and we have little or no fruit in our entire area." This has caused a hardship on this community, and many individuals depending on their fruit crop for their income and to make payments on their farms will be in difficulty this year. Besides this, many will not have fruit in their cellars or canned fruit on their shelves because of the loss of the fruit crop. It might even be possible that some might have property in jeopardy because of the loss of income through this severe frost.

In some other areas, crops have dried up for lack of moisture. The land has been unable to produce because water has been so scarce. Then we have the extreme where there is too much water, where floods have raised havoc with farms and homes. It is not an uncommon thing to pick up a newspaper and to see where the ravage of fire has destroyed the possessions of a family or a group of families. Usually you see members of the family standing at the side of the ruins, and read that everything they possessed has been destroyed. In many of these cases, some agency of the Welfare Program has come to their rescue to assist them in getting back

on their feet. This might be the Priesthood quorum, a ward organization, or friends or relatives of the family. We cannot hide the fact that the desire of all of us is security, and so we want to be healthy, we want to be employed, and we should like to be able to take care of ourselves and our families. It, therefore, becomes a very important part of the Welfare Program to follow the counsel of the leaders of the Church, and to prepare in a time of plenty for a time of need which may overtake us sooner than we had planned. To do this insures us of a carry-over in any critical period that might confront us.

SOME of us heard the President of the Church a few days ago say that we are living in the most critical period in the history of the world. This being true, we had better take stock of ourselves, our resources, and check the year's supply we have been asked to acquire, and see if we are prepared should tragedy strike. Certainly, as we are confronted by these critical times, we should listen to the voice of warning that has come from our prophet, and prepare ourselves against any emergency that might arise. We are blessed above all other people in that we have a prophet to point the way before us.

Some time ago I had the experience of presiding over the Salt Lake Region, known to most of us as Welfare Square in Salt Lake City. We had many experiences which indicated the need for preparation. I recall a strike being called in one of the large industries west of Salt Lake City, which placed 6,000 men out of employment. The strike continued for a period of six months, and during its course, it became necessary for our region to take care of thousands of families whose income had been stopped as a result of this strike. Had these families listened to the counsel given through the Welfare Program, they would have been able to provide for themselves during this emergency, but like most of us, there is a general feeling that when times are good there is no need to prepare for a day in the future. I am sure many of those caught in this situation have come to realize the importance of following the instructions of the Welfare Program. Presently, some people in other industries are having some difficulty. The livestock industry has had some decline in prices. I am acquainted with a man who a short time ago was worth at least half a million dollars, and who in the last thirty days has lost all, even his own home. There are many others in distress.

I have observed that many problems are coming to the attention of the General Welfare Committee, problems concerning the saving of the business of some brother. It is not the purpose of the Welfare Program to rescue men who are failing in business, but to see that those who are in distress are supplied with food, clothing, shelter, and the everyday necessities of life. So, we emphasize again the importance of listening to the counsel of our leaders, that we provide as far as possible enough of the necessities of life to provide for ourselves in an emergency.

THE question is often asked, "What shall we store?" Because of our scattered situation, and the

varied climate that we represent, it is difficult to indicate item by item what should be stored; but here are some suggestions that might be helpful to all of us. Think back to the days of rationing during World War II. What were the difficult items to secure on your ration cards? I remember shoes were difficult to obtain. Soap was a very difficult item. Persons receiving welfare assistance had more soap than those not on the Welfare Program because we had a soap factory, and were producing soap for our own storehouses. Sugar was a very scarce item, and that is easy to store. Fats are always very difficult to get in time of emergency. Meat was in very short supply. It may be well to get a few cans of meat or fish, and it might be possible for you to can some of your own that you might have some in reserve. Some items of clothing were very difficult to obtain. Styles may change, but we can always acquire some cloth, and have it in our homes from which to make items of clothing necessary to keep the family warm. Paper products were very scarce, and many other items, such as bread. One of the easiest commodities to store and one which has the greatest value for all of us, "Wheat for Man," the Word of Wisdom says. Through the counsel of your county agricultural agents, you can secure the right type of wheat, place it in a tight container, and keep it for a long period of time. I am also thinking of repairs and maintenance to your home. Do you remember how many items were almost impossible to secure during the period of the war, such as plumbing fittings, valves, and items with which to fix leaky pipes? It was difficult even to secure nails to repair a roof and a part of the barn. All metal items were very critical. I think I would keep my home in good repair.

You women exercise a great influence on your husbands. I have learned long ago that if we want a good work done in the Welfare Program, the assistance of women usually spells success for the program. Talking these problems over with your husbands usually will bring results and avoid serious difficulties.

If members of a ward become enthusiastic about the possibilities of providing against a rainy day, it can become very contagious, and others, through example, will desire to do the same thing.

I recall buying thirty cans of wheat in 1944, and placing them in my garage. My neighbor, a high councilman who lived across the street, came over daily to look at my stock of wheat. He eventually almost made my life miserable because he wanted to acquire part of my wheat storage supply. In order to have peace, I finally sold him part of my wheat. Even though I am engaged in the wheat business, and we have thousands of bushels of grain in our elevators all the time, I still feel very secure to have wheat of my own in my own cans at my own home. I look at it once in a while, and from all appearances, it is just as good as when I bought it in 1944. So I say again, wheat can be kept for a long time.

I recently attended a quarterly conference with Brother Walter Stover, who you remember was the president of the East German Mis-

sion during very difficult times following the war. We sent large quantities of welfare commodities to him, and he indicated the great blessing that came to those people through this help from the Welfare at the headquarters of the Church. He was particularly overjoyed at the wheat that was sent. He discovered how these people ground it, how they cooked it for cereal, and baked it for bread. He indicated they could eat it in the morning, they could eat it for dinner, and they could eat it in the evening because it had the elements to sustain life. He suggested that you would be surprised what wonderful hamburgers you can make from ground wheat and what a substantial item wheat is, around which you can provide a nourishing food diet.

BESIDES the items mentioned, we can always have fruit and vegetables. Wherever possible, we should have a garden. Let's plant and produce that which we can, and then let's conserve the surplus.

Continuing his talk in this same conference, Brother Stover said, "We have a lovely garden in our back yard. My wife does all the gardening. She raises the entire crop, and because it cannot all be consumed at the time it is ready, she urged me to build a little root cellar. I said to her, 'Mama, we don't need a root cellar for just you and me—we don't eat that much,' but my wife is very conservative. She just won't waste anything. If she cooks a little stew for dinner, we have stew every meal until that stew is eaten up. She won't waste any good food, and neither did she wish to waste any of the vegetables in this garden. I protested the building of a root cellar, but one night when I came home, lo and behold, right in the middle of my garden she had dug a large hole. She secured a few boards, and improvised a roof over this opening, and about that time I decided I had better wake up to what was going on, so I got Mama some bricks to line the root cellar, and I helped her finish the job. I feel much more secure with a root cellar full of fine vegetables than I did to have them on top of the ground where some of them might be frozen, some might decay, and where we certainly would lose the value we had from raising this garden."

I should like to read you a few excerpts from a talk given by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., in April 1937. As I have read this talk, and realized the condition in which we find ourselves, I have thought many times how true the scripture is that says, "We have ears, but we hear not." We have enjoyed the training of this program for a long time. President Clark was referring to the difficult situation confronting us in the United States. This is what he had to say:

> What may we as a people and as individuals do for ourselves to prepare to meet this oncoming disaster, which God in his wisdom may not turn aside from us?
>
> First, and above and beyond everything else, let us live righteously, fearing God and keeping His commandments, that we may in part claim His blessings as of right, and not as of mercy only. Along this way only lies happiness and salvation. For the Lord has said: "Wherefore, fear not even unto death; for in this world your joy is not full . . . Therefore care not for the body, neither the life of the body; but care for the soul, and for the life of the soul.
>
> "And seek the face of the Lord always, that in patience ye may possess your souls,

and ye shall have eternal life" (Doc. & Cov. 101:36-38).

Let us avoid debt as we would avoid a plague; where we are now in debt let us get out of debt; if not today, then tomorrow.

Let us straitly and strictly live within our incomes, and save a little.

Let every head of every household see to it that he has on hand enough food and clothing and, where possible, fuel also, for at least a year ahead. You of small means put your money in foodstuffs and wearing apparel, not in stocks and bonds; you of large means will think you know how to care for yourselves, but I may venture to suggest that you do not speculate. Let every head of every household aim to own his own home, free from mortgage. Let every man who has a garden spot, garden it; every man who owns a farm, farm it.

Let us again clothe ourselves with these proved and sterling virtues—honesty, truthfulness, chastity, sobriety, temperance, industry and thrift; let us discard all covetousness and greed.

THE past ten or twelve years have been very fruitful years. I guess we have lived on borrowed money, but we have all had some of that money. I don't know how we are going to pay it back, but when that day comes, it is not going to be so easy to have the things we have enjoyed during this period of prosperity. I remember so well the story of Joseph. There is not time to relate it in full. You read it in Genesis. You remember how that great leader was sent by the Pharaoh into Egypt during the seven good years to fill granaries with grain, and then you remember the story of the lean years, and how the east wind blew and dried up the country. As you read the story, you can just feel the wind drying up the parched earth and consuming everything on it. It was the preparation in the seven good years that kept the people from starvation in the seven lean years that followed.

Now I hope since we have a prophet at our head who has told us, instructed us, encouraged us, and advised us how to avoid any calamity of that kind, that we will listen to him, that we will prepare ourselves, not with luxuries, not with items that are going to spoil because we have an over-abundance of them, but with those necessities that will bring us over an emergency that might overcome us. If we do those things, the Latter-day Saints will have a program that will prove a great blessing and a program the like of which the rest of the world would like very much to know about and to have. Since it is ours and belongs to the Lord's people, I hope we will appreciate it and do all we can to prepare ourselves with the necessities that will assist us in any period of emergency that might arise. We can then also be a blessing and help to those who have not listened to the voice of our leaders.

I bear you my testimony that I love this great Welfare Program with all my heart. I have heard many testimonies of how it has come to the rescue of the people, the great blessing it has been to them. I promise you that in the future there will even be greater blessings, if we live closer to the instructions that have come to us to prepare ourselves.

May the Lord help us to appreciate these great things and the other great programs in the Church for our benefit and our blessing, and may this great Relief Society organization prosper and grow, I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Award Winners

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

THE Relief Society general board is pleased to announce the names of the three prize winners in the 1953 Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. This contest was announced in the June 1953 issue of the Magazine, and closed September 15, 1953.

The first prize of twenty-five dollars is awarded to Lizabeth Wall Madsen, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her poem "Wings Over the West." The second prize of twenty dollars is awarded to Dorothy J. Roberts, Salt Lake City, for her poem "A Stone in the Wilderness." The third prize of fifteen dollars is awarded to Alice Morrey Bailey, Salt Lake City, for her poem "To Shield a King."

This poem contest has been conducted annually by the Relief Society general board since 1924, in honor of Eliza R. Snow, second general president of Relief Society, a gifted poet and beloved leader.

The contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, and is designed to encourage poetry writing, and to increase appreciation for creative writing and the beauty and value of poetry.

Prize-winning poems are the property of the Relief Society general board, and may not be used for publication by others except upon written permission of the general board. The general board also reserves the right to publish any of the poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rate. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

There were one hundred ten poems submitted in this year's contest. Many of the poems revealed careful technique and lovely imagery, as well as profound thought development.

Twenty-two states were represented in the contest entries, the largest number of entries came in order from Utah, California, Idaho, Kansas, Oklahoma, Wyoming, and Arizona. Three entries came from England, one from Scotland, and one from Argentina.

The winner of the first prize this year, Mrs. Lizabeth Wall Madsen, was awarded second prize in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest in 1946. Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Bailey have won prizes in several previous contests.

The general board congratulates the prize winners and expresses appreciation to all entrants for their interest in the contest. The general board wishes, also, to thank the judges for their care and diligence in selecting the prize-winning poems. The services of the poetry committee of the general board are very much appreciated.

The prize-winning poems, together with photographs and biographical sketches of the prize-winning contestants, are published herewith.

Prize-Winning Poems

Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Poem Contest

LIZABETH WALL MADSEN

First Prize Poem

Wings Over the West

Lizabeth Wall Madsen

The wheeling arcs of gulls have etched the storm
With slender, silver patterns of their flying.
Curved to the wind and strangers to the warm
Far earth, they seek a new horizon, crying.
Theirs is a spiraled search, and there is more
To weld them to the clouds than fragile feather;
Other than bone and sinew lets them soar,
Freed to the free sky and its ragged weather.
Beyond the windless acre where I stand,
Shuttered from rain in one protected hollow,
They are but little space above the land,
From chrysalis to flight where I might follow.
How loosely tethered to the world am I
When gulls are calling from a storm-wild sky!

DOROTHY JENSEN ROBERTS

Second Prize Poem

A Stone in the Wilderness

Dorothy J. Roberts

Not toward your perfections my still steps yearn
Nor after lofty-browed nobilities
And altars where I watched your fat rams burn;
Not to these am I tender, not to these,
Nor to the swinging crane of your mind's power,
But toward the small and wan perversities
Of personality, the weeds in flower;
Toward fractured bones of strength a near one sees,
Fallen-sparrow failures mated to my own;
To the deviations setting you apart,
The frailties which were not yours alone,
But were parroted upon my secret heart.
A thousand wounds my tongue's blade would atone
Could it smite with the staff of honesty
And release the crystal waters from the stone
Of pride and let you drink their truth with me.

ALICE MORREY BAILEY

Third Prize Poem

To Shield a King

Alice Morrey Bailey

He held you in the secret of his heart,
Oh, little Bethlehem, oh, House of Bread,
And with his hugging hills set you apart,
And poured his shining promise on your head.
Here Ruth and Boaz found love's steady rock,
Here Rachel's tomb was washed with Jacob's tears;
Here clear-eyed David watched his trusting flock
And sent his sweet songs winging down the years.

Though small among earth's cities, short of street—
Where shepherds followed out their lowly ways,
And gleaners reaped the barren fields of wheat
With humble faith and peace along their days—
Obedient to his laws, you were the one
He chose to be the cradle of his Son.

He watched them on the roads and led them thence
From Nazareth, past Herod's well, by Nain;
He saw the faithful Joseph growing tense
With fear for Mary, seeking rest in vain
Within your bulging walls, his earnest face
Reflecting light from door to hopeless door,
Until, at last, he found the sheltered place,
And rest for Mary on a stable floor.

He hid them from the wicked in your crowd,
And ears that might have heard a newborn cry
Were deaf with sound, the tinkling coins too loud
For some to hear hosannahs in the sky.
He saw the shepherds quake; he saw afar
The wise men searching out the moving star.

* * * * *

He holds you yet, oh, little, blessed town,
Although that night, and many years, are gone
While aliens thread your hills of camel brown.
To changing captors you have been a pawn,
Unsought, uncherished, and unchanged as then,
Untouched by gold within the fertile ring
Of commerce, simple in your ways, as when
He needed you to shield a newborn King.

A million cities, proud and rich and great,
Give homage to your memory tonight,
And what was whispered once along your street
Is sung from housetops, blazed in rainbow light.
Though conquered many times, yours yet shall be
The final conquest and the victory!

Biographical Sketches of Award Winners in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

Lizabeth Wall Madsen, who was born in Mt. Pleasant, Utah, and lived there until 1941, has contributed many poems to *The Relief Society Magazine*. Her poem "I Shall Be Late" was awarded second prize in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest in 1946. She devotes most of her time to being a secretary in Salt Lake City, and being both mother and father to a teen-age daughter, Diane. Whatever few moments are left are used in writing, mostly poetry. Mrs. Madsen's poems have appeared in *Ladies Home Journal, Pictorial Review*, the *Improvement Era*, and many other publications. She has won both the Christmas story and poem contests annually sponsored by *The Deseret News*. She is also represented in the new volume of *Utah Sings* and other anthologies. A member of the Art Barn Poets, she is a serious student of poetry and poetry writing; her work is characterized by excellent technique, as well as thoughtful content, reflecting a keen observation of nature and a deep understanding of emotions and ideals, which she presents with a discriminating choice of words set in the cadences of music.

* * *

Dorothy Jensen Roberts, Salt Lake City, Utah, is well known to the readers of the *Magazine* who have enjoyed her lovely poems, many of them frontispieces, since 1941. In describing her interests, Mrs. Roberts writes: "I was born in Sweet, Idaho, and spent a few years in the rich fruit country around Boise. Later, I had a few years in the town of Ephraim, Utah, and a storybook adolescence and youth in Cottonwood and Holladay. I attended the University of Utah for three years and have taken extension courses and special classes in literature. For three years I was a schoolteacher. I have been active in all the auxiliaries of the Church, and have especially enjoyed my work in Relief Society. I have two daughters, two precious grandchildren, and a fine husband. As hobbies, my strongest affinity is poetry, and next, playing the violin, with art and sewing following. Twice before I have been awarded a prize in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, as well as many other awards and prizes. My poetry and prose have appeared in the Church publications and other newspapers and magazines. I am a member of the Utah Sonneteers, Utah Poetry Society, and the League of Utah Writers."

* * *

Alice Morrey Bailey, musician, composer, sculptor, artist, and writer, is a remarkably gifted woman. Readers of *The Relief Society Magazine* are familiar with her poems, short stories, and serials. Her story "The Wilderness" placed first in the 1941 Relief Society Short Story Contest, and "The Ring of Strength" placed second in 1945. In the 1948 Relief Society contests, Mrs. Bailey was awarded first prize in the short story and second prize in poetry. Her poem "Lot's Wife" won first prize in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest in 1951. Her serial "The Deeper Melody" is currently running in the *Magazine*. Mrs. Bailey's poems have appeared in many anthologies, and in many magazines and newspapers of national circulation. Since girlhood, Mrs. Bailey has been active in Church work. She is now president of the M. I. A. in the Eleventh Ward, Salt Lake City. Alice and her husband DeWitt Bailey are the parents of three children and they have one grandchild. Mrs. Bailey is a member of the Utah Sonneteers, the League of Utah Writers, the Associated Utah Artists, and at present is acting as compositor of technical reports, College of Mines and Mineral Industries, University of Utah, Salt Lake City.

Award Winners

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society general board is pleased to announce the award winners in the Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest which was announced in the June 1953 issue of the *Magazine*, and which closed September 15, 1953.

The first prize of fifty dollars is awarded to Dorothy Clapp Robinson, Boise, Idaho, for her story "One Wild Rose." The second prize of forty dollars is awarded to Mary Ek Knowles, Ogden, Utah, for her story "Beside the Still Waters." The third prize of thirty dollars is awarded to Ruth MacKay, Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada, for her story "One Sweetly Solemn Thought."

The winners of the first and second prizes have previously placed in the Relief Society Short Story Contest, but the third prize winner, Ruth MacKay, appears for the first time as a contest winner.

This contest, first conducted by the Relief Society general board in 1941, as a feature of the Relief Society centennial observance, was made an annual contest in 1942. The contest is open only to Latter-day Saint women who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication by a periodical of recognized merit.

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1954.

Thirty-seven stories were entered in the contest for 1953. Most of these stories were well plotted and well written, and featured realistic character presentation and development.

The contest was initiated to encourage Latter-day Saint women to express themselves in the field of fiction. The general board feels that the response to this opportunity continues to increase the literary quality of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and will aid the women of the Church in the development of their gifts in creative writing.

Prize-winning stories are the property of the Relief Society general board, and may not be used for publication by others except on written permission of the general board. The general board also reserves the right to publish any of the stories submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rate. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

The Relief Society Magazine now has subscribers in every State in the Union, and in Alaska, Hawaii, Canada, Mexico, Australia, England, France, Germany, South America, South Africa, and other countries.

The general board congratulates the prize-winning contestants, and expresses appreciation for all those who submitted stories. Sincere gratitude is extended to the judges for their discernment and skill in selecting the prize-winning stories. The general board also acknowledges, with appreciation, the work of the short story committee in supervising the contest.

Prize-Winning Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

First Prize Story

One Wild Rose

Dorothy Clapp Robinson

DOROTHY CLAPP ROBINSON

GWEN met her mother's eyes with forced unconcern, but her fingers were cramped. "I don't need you any longer, Mother. Really, I am all right. I do appreciate your staying with the children while I was at church."

"Donny isn't asleep yet. I could stay . . . ."

"I'll speak to him." Gwen hoped her mouth was not actually as tight as it felt. Te relieve her hands she began gathering the Sunday papers. "I can't lean on you and Dad forever. You have been so kind."

"Kind!" With a sigh Mrs. Owens reached for her handbag.

Gwen swallowed, trying to dislodge the hardness in her throat. She knew she was not deceiving her mother. She knew her loss was her parents' loss. She knew her every moment of loneliness and her every heartache were echoed in their hearts; but tonight she *must* be alone.

After her mother's car had passed from sight, Gwen stood motionless in the driveway. For long minutes she waited. "Why," she whispered, "oh, Donald, why?"

A petulant cry came from the house. "Muv-ver." Gwen went quickly to the room where her children slept.

"I wanted you." Donny was sitting upright, his chubby fist beating restlessly on the pillow. "Why did not you come?"

Gwen sat on the bed beside him. "S-s-sh. Must not wake baby sister."

Donny glanced at his sister's crib. "She is dead as the world," he announced scornfully.

The baby was sleeping "dead as the world." Dark curls clung damply about her gamin face. Her rosebud mouth was irresistible, but even as Gwen bent to kiss it, she drew back abruptly.

"You don't like her," Donny accused.

"Lie down and go to sleep." She hadn't intended her tone to be so

harsh. To counteract it she laid the boy back on his pillow.

"You sing and I sleep," Donny proposed.

"Darling, Mother can't sing tonight. Please be a good boy and go to sleep."

"I heard you once," he persisted.

She could not do it. Never again would her heart and throat respond to melody. She tried to pat the boy gently, but her hand moved in jerks. Bewildered by his mother's unaccustomed actions, the boy lay quiet. He blinked hard trying to keep awake.

Gwen dropped to the floor and buried her face in the bedding. She tried to pray, but could only suffer. Donny's hand reached and grasped one of her fingers. When, finally, it relaxed, she rose stiffly and went into the living room. She turned on the radio, but snapped it off immediately. Seeing the unoffending papers, she snatched at them and tore them to shreds. She stared unseeing at the litter they made on the floor. Automatically, she stooped and gathered the pieces one by one. She went outside to dispose of them.

ALONG the newly surfaced street lights were snapping on and unblinded windows gave glimpses of family life. Don had bought in this new addition thinking there would be more room for a play yard and that the hazards of town would be at a minimum. He hadn't guessed. How could he have guessed how alone she was going to be!

She went back inside, but paced restlessly back and forth, from room to room, picking up this, setting down that. Inevitably she came again to look out upon the coming night.

Twilight had deepened into a soft purple curtain through which a few stars were peeping. The tang and pull of spring lay sweet and challenging on the air. The song that had refused to be put aside came silently to her lips

". . . unknown waves before me roll . . . ."

Somewhere angry waves were rolling over Don. Perhaps they had flung him on some barren shore. Perhaps—but she must not think. She must not. She closed the door.

Thayne and Lila were new in the ward. Tonight they had sung, "Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me." That had been hard to take, but the love, the possessiveness that radiated from them had been the one thing too much. Of all songs that one had meant most to her in her life with Don. They had been singing it when they met. It was the song Donny had wanted her to sing, and now through it she had lost Don.

She had been told she must remember—what was it she must remember? She looked about the room and tried to focus her thoughts. Oh, yes, she must remember life is but a prelude. Somewhere Don was still Don, the man she knew so well and loved so desperately. That was what she had been taught. That was what she always believed, but tonight *belief* was not enough. She must *know* or go mad with despair and loneliness.

It would not help to talk to anyone, not even Dad. All had been said that could be said—had been said so many times the words had

lost their meaning. Gone were the compass and chart that had directed her life. The walls of the room seemed to close in about her, suffocating her with their rigidity. She snatched at the back door and flung it open. The stars were brighter now, though in the direction of town they were dimmed by the street lights. For a moment the heavens fascinated her. How far was a star? How far from faith to knowledge, and who knew the way? In quick decision she went back to the children. Both were sleeping soundly. She glanced from the window. Leah, her neighbor, was looking at her children. Gwen rapped on the pane.

"Will you listen for them?" she asked.

"Surely. Run along." It was characteristic of Leah that she asked no questions.

Gwen tried to smile her thanks. She offered no explanation as to where she was going. She did not know where she was going. She did not care except that the way must lead to peace. Throwing a stole over her shoulders, she went out into the night. She started walking, but with no sense of direction.

IT had been just such an evening as this when she and Don had met. The M Men and Gleaners from her home ward had gone up the river for a picnic. They had ridden in an open truck, and, leaning against the high body, she had noticed his black head, just noticed because it was darker and could be seen above the others. They had sung all the way, popular songs, sentimental songs, and then someone had started "Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me." Perhaps it had been prompted by the nearness of the road to the river, or perhaps it had been for no reason at all. Gwen had caught Don's clear rich notes through the chorus of voices, and they brought a sweetness and fulness to her heart not experienced before. Around the campfire while they were toasting weiners she had noticed him again. She had thought he was with Ruby Denman.

And then, suddenly, evening had laid a gauzy blanket over the scene. She was standing on the brink of the river reaching for a wild rose.

"Let me." He was at her side. "You might fall."

Getting the rose had been easy for him. He held it so she could inhale the fragrance. Later, they had laughed as he had tried to pin it in her hair—hair, he reminded, that was bright and golden beside the dark sheen of his.

"A wild rose for everlasting love," he said.

"Are you sure?" she challenged.

"I am sure of one thing. I shall never see a wild rose again, but I shall see you and this—this heavenly spot."

Stumbling alone in the darkness, Gwen remembered how sure his words had been. Don had always been sure.

They had walked back to the group hand in hand, that is, her hand was resting lightly in his, but she was keenly aware of the strength of the fingers that had fumbled with the bobby pin. From that moment there had been no doubt. Don was her other, her stronger self. With him life was a dream materialized. With him she was strong and capable. Without

him she fumbled in a sea of aloneness. But the aloneness she felt tonight was light years removed from that which she had experienced then. Her life had been torn from its moorings; the song, the stars, the spring breeze cried it from every direction.

THEY had not waited long. Don had known the horror and spiritual desolation of the South Pacific. He was eager for home and family. When she knelt at the altar and became his for time and eternity, Gwen had been sure, so very sure. There was an eternity, and she and Don would share it together.

Everything that had helped to bring about the marriage had been motivated by love and a sense of unity, and everything about the marriage had been charged with the same calm unison of spirit she had experienced the night they had met. The coming of the babies had lifted their ecstasy to the higher plane of parenthood.

Walking, walking in the darkness, Gwen lived again those bright years. She recalled the first time they had sung together in church. They had chosen "Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me" because of its special meaning for them. She loved the poetry of its words, the haunting melody of its notes.

She had smiled smugly that night. A kindly fate had chartered their course and spared them the rolling of boisterous waves. She was Gwen and he was Don, and the babies were both of them. They were a unit. They would always be a unit. Death was something that came to people, but when two were joined, as she and Don, there could be no real separation.

Gwen suddenly became conscious that all the while she had been reliving those happy years her feet had chosen their own path. Where the path led did not enter her mind. The way of going was immaterial. Tonight one relived moment of intimacy had jerked her from her comforting bed of faith. Gone also was her future, her assurance of reunion with Don. She must find these things again, or there was no meaning to life—there could be no life. She could endure the endless days, the interminable nights, the excruciating loneliness of body and spirit, if only she *knew*. Physically exhausted, she sank to the earth. She looked about as one struggling from a coma.

All about her trees elbowed each other and their leaves stirred sleepily. The moon had risen and its reflected light glistened from water. The river! Shock struck the fuzziness from her mind. She had come back. Back to where she had met Don. Here they had come most frequently for their picnics, and it had been the scene of their last one. Once Donny, venturing too near, had fallen into the water. She had screamed with fright and run for him, but Don was already holding him.

"He might have drowned," she cried.

Don laughed. "He might, if the water had been a little deeper right here, but he didn't. I was here." He gave the boy a gentle spat. "Now, young man, don't get so close next time."

"I'll never come here again."

"Why? Donny is a boy. He

will seek adventure and must learn to handle himself. We can't avoid life by running."

So simple, so safe, when Don was here. It was absurd to worry the tiniest bit. They were a unit, complete, irrevocable.

IT had been too perfect, or perhaps she had been too sure. A call had come and Don had gone seeking—no, not seeking, but meeting adventure. She was happy, for he was still with her, though his letters were often weeks apart and came from remote outposts. His time in service nearly finished, she had hastened to prepare their home for his coming. Then his plane had gone into the water, and there had been no one to pull him out as he had Donny.

What followed had been nightmare from which she had struggled to awaken, but back of the nightmare, mellowing her heartache, had been Don as always. Until tonight they had been a unit. Abruptly she had become a lone, lonely widow. Her children were fatherless. • She had been told so many things, she had been promised so much, but all of it was as nothing against her lack of knowledge. How could she be certain?

The answer to that was that she could not know. All the truths she had been taught, all the principles she had lived by were but beliefs, balm for grieving hearts. She didn't want them. She wanted Don. She wanted to *know*.

Time, maliciously, refused to pass. For eons, it seemed, she sat suffering. She tried to think. She tried to pray, but as before, nothing could penetrate the cloud of her emotions. She ran her hands through her hair and her fingers caught. Her elbows dropped to her knees. "Don," she whispered, wordlessly, "Don, come back. I need you so."

Just when the fragrance first touched Gwen she did not know, but gradually it was there, so delicate, so all-enveloping, so rich in memories and promises. She raised her head. The moon was behind the trees and she could see little through the filtered light. Guided by the fragrance her fingers groped and found the blossom. One wild rose! She broke it from the stem and lifted it to her cheek. For a long moment she caressed it. The fragrance grew and grew until it reached the farthest tip of each nerve. Then, like a delicate spring, it released the tension that had held her rigid for so long. Long-smothered sobs twisted her body with their violence.

The storm was long, but it cleared suddenly. One moment Gwen was quivering with hysteria and the next she was quiet, quiet with a deep inner calm that carried a touch of the sublime. Her starved soul drank in the sweetness, the soothing power of it. Don was back, for only he could give this strength, this sense of togetherness.

Sometime later the mood of exultation passed, and Gwen was alone again, but she was not lonely. She had found Don, and now she must go to their babies.

As she opened her front door Gwen turned for a last look at the night. Dawn was a brush of delicate pink above the dark hills. Night was gone, and it was a new

day. It was a new day for never again would she experience the complete desolation of spirit she had known this night. Now she knew.

The thought startled her. How did she know? Did she know? She knew in a positive physical sense that the rose was there before she touched it. She knew because of its fragrance. In just as positive, but less tangible way, she knew Don was still Don. There could be no mistake about the sweet tranquility only he could bring. Like the fragrance, the evidence was there if the substance was not. Was this then knowledge, or was it faith?

One bright star lingered in the sky, and she studied it. Again she asked, how far is a star? How far between faith and knowledge? Knowledge, perhaps, was as far as a star, and the path to it as inexplicable as faith. Perhaps, but it no longer mattered. The question had lost its importance. Closing the door she turned toward the bedroom and words came melodiously to her lips:

". . . I hear thee say to me, fear not: I will pilot thee."

* * *

Dorothy Clapp Robinson, Boise, Idaho, is well known to readers of *The Relief Society Magazine*. Her stories have pleased a wide audience for many years, and she is adept at writing serials as well as shorter fiction. She was awarded third prize in the Relief Society Short Story Contest in 1945, and first prize in 1950. "Writing has been a source of joy to me," she tells us, "for through it I have formed some of the most satisfying friendships of my life. I have served five times as chapter president and State president of The Idaho Writers League, of which I am a charter member. Relief Society, of course, has been the big work of my life. However, I have served in ward and stake capacities in all the auxiliaries, except Primary. At present I am working on the Sunday School stake board. I was born in Colorado, but came to Idaho as a small child. I am mother of five children and grandmother to eighteen—all under ten years of age. The eighteen include one pair of twins born to one of my twins. I am a twin, as was my father. So my material for juvenile stories comes firsthand."

Amateur Gardener's Reward

Sudie Stuart Hager

When summer left, the weeds stood high
In every vegetable row,
And clover blossomed in the grass
That I had failed to mow;
Each dead bloom-stalk was mummified,
The unpruned bushes sprawled,
So that I viewed my yard with shame
When green-thumbed neighbors called.
But winter with his tinseling-brush
Has made each drab thing shine;
And there's no other garden-spot
As glorious as mine!

First Ladies of Our Land

Wives of the Presidents

Part III

Elsie C. Carroll

JANE Appleton Pierce (1806-1863) daughter of a college president, loved reading, music, and quiet, studious pursuits. She felt alone in chattering, laughing crowds, and was a sensitive, loving woman, of delicate and fragile constitution. At twenty-eight (in 1834) she was married to the handsome and charming Franklin Pierce, then a member of Congress.

During the eight years she spent in Washington while her husband was a Senator, she constantly dreamed of the time they could return to their home in Concord, New Hampshire, and live quietly with their sons. In a social way she did only what was necessary. It was largely because of her unhappiness that her husband did not even finish his last term as Senator. After his resignation he refused to accept a place in the cabinet offered him by President Polk. He declared he resigned so he could be with his family and he did not intend to leave them for any length of time unless his country called in time of war.

Soon the war with Mexico began, and he volunteered as a private but was soon a brigadier general. He became a hero when, after being wounded, he insisted on being lifted to his horse and leading his men into battle.

When the war was over he returned to his law practice, fully intending to keep his promise to Jane to keep out of public life. In 1848 he refused a nomination for Governor. But four years later there was such a clamor for him to run for President that he consented, and almost against his will he was voted into office, and served one term (1853-1857). He was the youngest man up to that time to be President—only forty-nine.

JANE APPLETON PIERCE
(1806-1863)

A short time before his inauguration their oldest son was killed in an accident. They had already lost their two younger children, both boys. Jane never recovered from this

final shock. The people of Washington loved her as she stood dutifully beside her husband at all ceremonies where she was expected to appear. She had the valor necessary to make her do graciously the tasks she dreaded, but which she performed only for her husband's sake and from a sense of duty.

After their retirement from the White House in 1857, the Pierces traveled in Madeira and in Europe. Jane died in 1863, and was followed in 1869 by her sorrowing and devoted husband.

James Buchanan (1857-1861), fifteenth President, was a bachelor, the first President to enter the White House unmarried and the only one to depart still a bachelor. He brought to the White House to serve as official hostess, his niece *Harriet Lane Johnston*, who had chosen him among all her relatives to be her guardian when, at the age of nine she was left an orphan. She made a charming First Lady when her uncle went to the White House.

Mary Todd Lincoln (1818-1882) was the daughter of a prominent and influential Kentucky family. She was ambitious for her husband, the young Springfield lawyer whom she married in 1842.

Her years in the White House (1861-1865) were far from happy, far from her dreams of what they would be. She was watched and gossiped about and laughed at by some who thought it ridiculous to have the wife of a prairie lawyer as First Lady.

Willie (William Wallace) the third son, died during Mary's tenure in the White House, and she

MARY TODD LINCOLN
(1818-1882)

never again entered the Blue Room, where his body had lain.

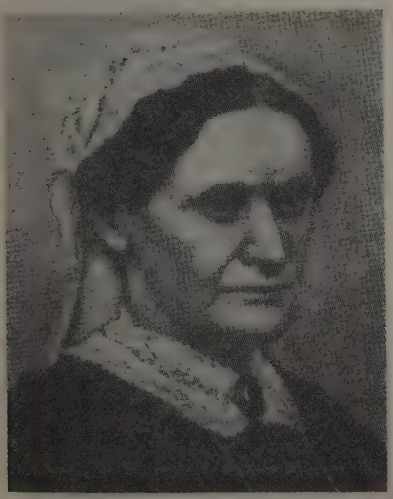
However, Mary had a good knowledge of political affairs, a fine education, and the ability to make correct, even though often impulsive, judgments. At times she was extravagant in her dress and ran in debt for clothes and jewelry at most of the Washington stores. Over eager to fulfill the requirements of her social position, she was not always at ease and often found herself in embarrasing situations.

Mary suffered over her unpopularity. On one occasion, after she had spent hours preparing to go down to a public reception, she stopped at the head of the stairs and said to her husband, "They do not want me. They say I am a

rebel sympathizer because I was born in Kentucky, and that I give information to the Confederates, and that I am not loyal to you or the Union."

The patient Abe agreed that they had a hard position, but reminded her that they had some very loyal friends, and that they were there in the reception rooms waiting for them. So, with head up, Mary went down to their guests.

Some of their loyal friends, such as Sumner and Douglas, wanted her to stop the vicious gossip about herself by publishing the facts that she spent much time in Union hospitals helping the staffs with organizing details and cheering Union veterans with her keen wit, and that when she was seen riding unattended down Pennsylvania Avenue she was going to some relief work, not as the gossips rumored, to meet some Southerner.



ELIZA McCARDLE JOHNSON
(1808 (?) - 1876)

In spite of her sharp tongue and changeable disposition, Mary loved her husband and worried about his heavy responsibilities and grave problems.

At last the war was over, and it seemed to her that things would be easier. Lincoln had been re-elected and was being hailed as the savior of his country. Mary insisted on his going to the theatre for relaxation. Then came the tragedy of his assassination, April 15, 1865.

Sad years for Mary followed. Her health was impaired, and the tragedies of her years in the White House had resulted in recurrent emotional and mental instability. After several years of traveling, and periods of treatment in various hospitals, she went to live with her sister, Mrs. Ninian Edwards in the old home town—Springfield, Illinois. After a time Sumner succeeded in getting a pension for her, but she continued to grieve until her death, seventeen years after Lincoln's death, in the same room in which she had been courted.

The next First Lady, *Eliza McCardle Johnson*, married Andrew before his nineteenth birthday. He owned a tailoring shop and she was the daughter of a shoemaker. However, Eliza was able to assist her husband in learning to write, and she read to him while he plied his needle. They lived in the back room of the tailoring shop, but young Andrew was ambitious for learning. He joined a debating society and became known as "the village Demosthenes."

During his struggle upward, Eliza took care of their home and helped to make a living for the family. After three terms as Mayor of

Greenville, Andrew was elected to Congress, and later served two terms as Governor of Tennessee. Then he was elected to represent Tennessee as a Senator.

He fought the growing tide of secession, and it was as a Southern Unionist that he was elected Vice-President on Lincoln's ticket. The assassination of President Lincoln in 1865, brought Andrew Johnson to the Presidency and Eliza became First Lady (1865-1869).

Eliza, however, was an invalid by the time she went into the White House, but she still gave comfort and encouragement to her husband during the hard years of the reconstruction, while her daughter Martha, wife of Senator David Patterson, performed the duties of official hostess in a very satisfactory manner.

Martha won the respect of Washington when the family arrived and she said to a news reporter: "We are plain people from the mountains of Tennessee, and we do not propose to put on airs because we have the fortune to occupy this place for a little while."

People respected Martha and admired her integrity. They did not even gossip when it was known that she brought two cows to the Capital, which she milked herself. Her teas and other socials were popular, even when her father was threatened with impeachment.

Eliza helped to superintend and organize the first White House Easter party for children, and she was a kind and wise advisor to her children and a friend of all who came to the Executive Mansion. Although her health became increasingly precarious, Eliza outlived her husband six months. She died in January 1876.

Julia Dent Grant (1826-1902), who was married August 22, 1848, spent the first years of her married life in one army camp after another. When her husband resigned

JULIA DENT GRANT
(1826-1902)

from the army, they lived for a time on a farm near St. Louis, Missouri, belonging to Julia. But Grant became disabled because of illness and they left the farm. He tried several kinds of work with little success. Then came the Civil War, and it was not long before he was the general who Lincoln declared was indispensable because he won battles.

During the war Julia had some dangerous experiences. Once she escaped from a garrison that was about to be taken by hiding herself and her four-year-old son in a box-

car on a railroad track and waiting there until a train finally picked up the car and she was carried to safety.

Her husband came out of the war as the hero who had saved the Union and was chosen President of the United States at the election in 1869, and served two terms in the White House.

Julia enjoyed good health and was vivacious and energetic, and of a happy disposition; though she did not enjoy social life to a great extent, she performed her duties as First Lady with grace and charm. Nellie, the only daughter, was married in the White House in 1874, being the seventh "daughter of a President" to be married during her father's term of office. The wedding was a social event long remembered in the capital. Julia was adored by her husband, who, in the years following his retirement from political life, and during the time of his fatal illness, wrote his personal history of the war years to provide an income for Julia after his death. With her at his side he wrote until he could no longer move a pencil, then whispered dictation of the last chapters, thus winning his last battle for the woman he loved. Ulysses Grant died in 1885, and Julia survived him seventeen years.

Lucy Webb Hayes (1831-1889), the next First Lady, who was married in 1852, celebrated her silver wedding anniversary in the White House. Friends said that she looked more attractive on that occasion even than she had at her wedding, a sweet and unassuming bride just out of college. They recognized, however, that the years

LUCY WEBB HAYES
(1831-1889)

had given her an inner depth and poise and faith in herself which well fitted her to be mistress of the White House.

There she inaugurated regular Sunday circles which she made attractive, as she did all her social functions, for which she herself superintended the decorations, the music, and the catering. It was said that she always seemed as fresh and charming at the end, even of a big reception, as at the beginning.

Her husband always talked over his problems with her and respected her opinions and decisions. He upheld her in her decision not to serve liquor in the White House. There was a loud protest to this edict at first, but she challenged her critics with the question: "Cannot people be as interesting and witty without wine as with it?" And they soon accepted her wish good humoredly.

She tried to have a family hour

as often as possible when she and the President would devote themselves entirely to their children, helping them with their homework, playing, and reading with them. They had eight children, five of whom grew to maturity. The children had many friends, one of whom declared after a visit to the White House, "I will never be satisfied with a husband who is not President." She had been impressed by the idyllic happiness of President and Mrs. Hayes. This friend later married William Howard Taft, and thus fulfilled her wish.

Lucy was adored by the employees of the Executive Mansion. She entertained them and their children on special occasions. On Christmas each child received a gift selected by the First Lady herself. The slogan of her life seemed to be: "Nothing is too much trouble if it brings happiness to someone."

Once an older soldier of the War of 1812 was brought to the White House to be photographed for some special purpose. The new uniform sent for him to wear lacked the stripes to show he was a sergeant. Seeing his disappointment, Mrs. Hayes procured needle and thread and was busy sewing the stripes on the uniform, sitting on the floor, it is said, when a British ambassador came into the room with a group of tourists he was showing around the Mansion.

President and Mrs. Hayes left the White House in 1881. She was long remembered in Washington for her visits to hospitals with armfuls of flowers, and for her championship of woman suffrage. When she died, in 1889, flags were lowered at half mast in cities all over the land.

Lucretia Rudolph Garfield (1832-1918) was a Campbellite. She met James Abram when they were both studying to be teachers. He was janitor for the Eclectic Institute while he was studying. After a long courtship, they were married, November 11, 1858. James was then principal of Hiram College, in Ohio, delivered lectures and sermons, and studied law in addition. Later he became president of the college. They lived on the campus until he entered the army when the Civil War broke out.

He was called the praying colonel and had a great influence over men in the army. Once he enlisted sixty men at a ball by telling them of the merrymaking in Brussels on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo.

After the war, Mr. Garfield arose rapidly in the political world and was nominated for President in 1880. Lucretia was very reticent and retiring in character, but had the best of judgment. Her husband often remarked that he never had to excuse any of her words. She disliked publicity, but made a pleasing impression during the short time she resided in the White House. The five Garfield children and the President's aged mother, Eliza Ballow Garfield, accompanied James and Lucretia to the White House.

When Lucretia contracted typhoid fever, her husband was crushed by her illness. As one writer says, "This small, unobtrusive woman had given Garfield mental consolation and support since the ripening of their youthful friendship. He sat by her bed day and night, devoting himself personally to her care."

LUCRETIA RUDOLPH GARFIELD
(1832-1918)

She finally was well enough to be taken to a health resort and was about ready to return to the Executive Mansion when she received word that James had been shot by a disappointed office seeker. She arrived in Washington in time to bring comfort to him in his hour of death, as she had done through his life. He died in September 1881, less than a year after his inauguration. After many years of widowhood, Lucretia died in 1918.

Ellen Herndon Arthur, wife of Chester A. Arthur, who was married in 1859, died just before he became president in 1881, but her influance which had been great during her lifetime, continued with him after she was gone. He cherished her memory to the day of his death. All the time he was in the White House he placed fresh flowers under her picture each morning before he left for his office. He had a memorial window placed in the church where he worshiped, and in the home they had shared, her room and all her personal belongings were kept just as she had left them, even to the needle in some sewing she had been doing when she became ill.

President Arthur's sister, Mrs. John McElroy, acted as his official hostess, though he himself gave the geniality and friendliness to social functions he knew his wife would have given.

Frances Folsom Cleveland (1864-1947), the next mistress of the White House, 1886-1889 and 1893-1897, captured the nation's capital at once. It was said that no one could meet her even with a handclasp at a public reception without sensing her splendid friendliness.

FRANCES FOLSOM CLEVELAND
(1864-1947)

CAROLINE SCOTT HARRISON
(1832-1892)

She had the distinction of being married (June 2, 1886) in the Executive Mansion, a bride of twenty-two, standing under a bell of red roses in the Blue Room. She had been a ward of Grover Cleveland following the death of her father, Grover's law partner. The second bachelor to be inaugurated President was then forty-nine. He had known Frances since she was a child.

Frances entertained with ease and graciousness at all functions. Sometimes the crowds were so large at the evening receptions that officers would halt the guests a few moments, at intervals, to give Mrs. Cleveland a moment's rest.

People felt so much at home that they wandered all through the White House, except through the few rooms on the second floor reserved for the President's family, making themselves, as one writer says, "democratically at home."

For three years Frances enjoyed being mistress of the White House. Then Benjamin Harrison became President. However, four years later the Clevelands returned. But now times had changed. People criticized and found fault. They blamed the President for the business panic of that time. They gossiped about the private lives in the White House, accusing Frances of snobbishness because she refused to let the public caress her baby, and rumoring that there was domestic trouble if she ever went to a concert or theatre without her husband.

Through all this she remained her friendly, gracious self and won back some of the popularity of former years before the end of the term. The second daughter of the Clevelands was born in the White House during the President's second term. In all, four children were born to them. Grover Cleveland died in 1908, and Frances, who was twenty-seven years younger than her husband, died in 1947.

Caroline Scott Harrison (1832-1892) and her husband Benjamin were both interested in social service while they were students, and this interest continued after their marriage. In fact, the day her husband was elected President, Caroline spent the early evening in an orphan asylum, and said she was tired as she prepared early to go to bed. When her husband said he would go with her, their son-in-law asked if they were not going to remain up to hear the election returns. Harrison answered, "What good will that do? Should I be defeated, my staying up all night would do no good. Should I win,

it is better that I be rested and fresh for the activities of tomorrow."

Caroline was used to Washington society, for she had lived there six years while her husband was Senator. She performed her duties as First Lady (1889-1892) with poise and cheerfulness, though she regretted the restrictions the etiquette of her position placed upon her, as she must always be ready to receive callers and so could not spend an entire day doing charity work.

A joy to both her and her husband was their little grandson, the son of Mary Harrison McKee, who received almost as much publicity during the administration as did the President and First Lady.

Caroline Scott Harrison died in the White House, October 25, 1892, a little more than a year before the end of her husband's term of office. Benjamin Harrison died in 1901, two years after he had served as President McKinley's representative to the Hague Peace Conference.

Support the March of Dimes

Basil O'Connor
President, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis

IN sixteen short years, the March of Dimes research has broken through tremendous barriers that once stood between man and the conquest of polio. Step by step, scientists have advanced from the depths of the unknown to the threshold of victory. In opening up a fourth front against infantile paralysis, the National Foundation now strikes directly at the heart of the polio problem. Its objective is to extend protection against this paralytic disease to the greatest number of people—eventually to *all* people.

A polio prevention program is possible today because, through March of Dimes research, science for the first time has in its hands both a limited, temporary preventive agent and a trial vaccine which may provide the final answer to infantile paralysis. Today, plans are being made for what may be the final assault—the practical use of laboratory knowledge to meet the needs of human beings.

The March of Dimes, already financing patient aid, scientific research, and professional education, soon will leave the laboratories to fight polio by prevention in the families of the nation.

To do this, an additional $7,500,000 will be needed during 1954 alone for the mass production of a trial vaccine, and for the staging of the largest validity test involving human beings in the history of the world.

So you see we have reached a crucial point. Scientists may be on the brink of success. The polio fight is entering its most important and expensive phase.

These are some of the reasons why we need support so urgently. We must reach all the people with the message of hope and determination during our January drive.

New Year's Choice

Dorothy Boys Kilian

THE recreation hall was decorated just as gaily as in other years, with balloons and crepe paper streamers and Japanese lanterns; the orchestra, imported from St. Louis, sounded like a regular name band, the same old friends were there, whirling around the dance floor calling out holiday greetings to everyone. In fact, everything about the New Year's Eve party was truly festive, except the mood of Dick and Sally.

They were sitting out a number, and Dick said earnestly, "Gee, Sally, if you could give me the right answer tonight, it would be the happiest New Year's Eve of my life."

"I know," Sally answered seriously. "But, Dick, you wouldn't want me to promise if I weren't absolutely sure, would you?"

"No, I guess not," he said slowly. "But, couldn't you possibly manage to make up your mind? After all, it isn't exactly a new problem . . . . I've been proposing to you at least once a week for three months." Dick smiled ruefully.

"I'm very fond of you, Dick, you know that," Sally answered. "It isn't that, it's just that I've always wanted so badly to . . . ." She broke off and looked down towards the orchestra platform.

Dick's glance followed hers and he frowned. "It's that singer," he groaned. "I knew the minute the Clarks introduced you to her there'd be a kick-back. Why on earth they had to have a career girl for a house guest, I don't know. And then to drag her to the party and have her show off . . . ."

"Dick!" Sally protested laughingly, "you can't blame Ellen Clark for being proud of her friend Madeleine. And it isn't just hearing her that makes me hesitate. All through high school I was crazy about singing, you know that. And then when Uncle Ed wrote this Christmas that he'd pay for lessons if I wanted to go to New York to live with them for a few months . . . ."

"But, Sally, if you go way off there, it might not be for just a few months. That's what makes me afraid. And I'm interested in your voice, too. There are good teachers in St. Louis, and, if we married, I'm sure we could soon juggle the budget around enough to let you go over there once a week or so for lessons."

"YOU'RE sweet, Dick." Sally laid a hand over his. "It's a great temptation to say yes, but I keep wondering if I wouldn't always regret having passed up this offer of Uncle Ed's. That wouldn't be good for either of us."

"I'd be willing to take the chance, darling," Dick said quietly. "I have confidence that we could work things out all right."

"Let's dance," Sally said suddenly, standing up and gently pulling Dick up beside her. "It's almost midnight, and time is wasting."

"All right, Sally," Dick agreed, "if that's the way you want it."

It was a dreamy waltz the orchestra was playing, but Dick and Sally couldn't quite fall under the spell of it. In unhappy silence they became one with the jostling crowd of dancers.

Suddenly, the musicians broke off in the middle of a bar, and then swung into the strains of "Auld Lang Syne."

"Happy New Year, everybody," the leader shouted above the croon of the saxophones.

The couples on the floor stopped dancing, and there was some hasty reshuffling of partners so that everyone could greet the New Year with his own date.

Sally felt Dick's arm tighten around her. "Happy New Year, darling," he said, "no matter what your answer is."

"The same to you, Dick," she answered, squeezing his hand tight. Then, as she laid her head against his shoulder, she saw Madeleine, the guest star, Madeleine the rising young singer, who stood all alone in front of the orchestra, staring out into space with a fixed smile on her pretty face.

Even as Sally watched with a sympathetic lump in her throat, the orchestra leader noticed her, too, and hurriedly walked over to give her a perfunctory kiss on the cheek. Madeleine smiled at him gratefully and then began to sing, perhaps a little too loudly, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot . . . ."

Then her voice wavered. She stopped singing, and Sally saw her turn swiftly, and walk alone to her dressing room.

The couples on the dance floor continued to move rhythmically, forgetful of the singer and the song.

It had only been a moment of time up there on the platform, and probably most of the crowd had not even seen it, but Sally had seen and that was enough. She had seen the face of loneliness.

From outside came the sound of whistles blowing, cars honking, bells ringing to add to the din of the music and laughter within.

Sally had almost to shout, to be sure Dick heard. "I know the answer now, darling," she said, "and it's the one that will make a very happy New Year for both of us."

Little Girl Before the Piano

Mabel Jones Gabbott

She sits forlorn before the keys,
Such tiny fingers for melodies;
Idly she plucks an ivory tone,
Who wants to be here all alone?
Outside the sun is round and high,
A bright blue day in a gold-filled sky;
Down by the brook in the cool green clover,
The girls are telling their secrets over;
Her shoulders droop, one two, one two,
Walking the scales, as she should not do;
An hour's practice is dreadful long
When the world is calling its wild sweet song.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, January 1, and January 15, 1894

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

A HAPPY NEW YEAR is the salutation that greets old and young at the present time, and it is pleasant to hear the cheerful tones repeating the hopeful words that never grow old, but each year brings them back fresh and crisp as ever. The new year comes full of hopefulness from all for better days, and yet the last dear old year brought with it many blessings . . . . If we as a people should enumerate the blessings of the year that is now numbered with the past, we should find much to rejoice over . . . . If some extra exertion is necessary that the poor and unfortunate may have food and raiment during the winter, it will bring into active exercise the kindly and generous feelings and sentiments of those who minister to the needy, and every blessing bestowed will enrich the giver. —E.B.W.

HOLIDAYS: It is good to observe these days set apart for love and friendship, for this age is so eminently practical that without some such observances, social and family life would lose much of its tenderness and sweetness. The reunion around the festive board, and better still the gatherings at eventide by the hearthstone at home, awaken the most affectionate recollections, or call forth the simple tales one loves to hear repeated of the former days, of the daily labor, or of adventure by land and sea, or the old songs, pleasant games, or work, or pastime. —Selected

MESSAGE FROM NEW ZEALAND

(Containing news of the bill bestowing full suffrage upon women passed by both houses of Legislature and signed by the Governor.)

I was down on the beach this morning,
Walked alone by the sounding sea,
And from the wild waves in their sobbing,
A message was wafted to me . . . .

Oh glorious message! most welcome;
A forecast of vision sublime,
Of a full free emancipation
At last of all nations and climes.

—L. M. Hewlings, Chicago, October 1893

PARTY AT SANDY: A very pleasant party met at the Wardhouse, in honor of our President of the Relief Society Mrs. W. Olsen, before her leaving to visit relatives in Grantsville . . . . A purse was presented to her with a sum over $20.00 given by the society members. She felt very happy for the honor bestowed upon her. The evening was well spent in speeches and dancing. Refreshments consisting of many delicacies were served . . . and a general good feeling animated all.

—Hilda Larsen, Secretary.

A MAP MADE OF SILK: The historical silk map of the United States which was made by Kate D. Barron Buck of this City (Salt Lake City) which received merited praise and took a medal, when exhibited in the Woman's Building at the World's Fair, has been photographed and we have received a complimentary copy . . . . The map is made of silk from the dresses of the wives of the respective Governors of the several States and Territories. The District of Columbia is a piece presented by the late Mrs. Harrison of the White House. —Editorial notes.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

KING PAUL and Queen Frederika of Greece aroused the highest enthusiasm during their brief visit to America. Both glamorous in appearance, they are still romantically in love. Their warmth, informality, and personal charm captivated people, but underneath all this Queen Frederika is one of the most admired and respected women in the world today. German by birth, cosmopolitan by education, speaking English with an American accent, because she attended an American school in Italy, she has given a love and intelligence to her adopted people that rarely have been seen in royalty. In Greece she has visited almost inaccessible mountain communities where no monarch ever ventured before, to see and know the many heartbreaking problems of the people, and then to act with unremitting labor to help them. She sets a personal example of thrift and self-sacrifice.

EVERY year about 28,000 fatal accidents occur in United States homes.

THE young are constantly surprising us. Last spring thirteen-year-old Manya Baumbacher, from Utah, skied into seventh place in the national women's giant slalom. (Rhona Wurteli Gillis, of Boise, won the championship.) Mary Ann Mitchell, fourteen, of San Leandro, California, has won sixty-five important trophies in tennis matches and is considered a real threat to Little Mo (Maureen Connolly) who, at sixteen, won the national women's championship in 1951. At present Mary Ann is ahead of Little Mo's timetable. She is an accomplished pianist and makes many of her own dresses. Judy Marks, of Chicago, only thirteen, ranks as one of America's top horsewomen. She has won 128 first prizes at American horse shows and one international award.

DR. BULA WILLIAMS, psychologist and counselor, and mother of cinema and swimming star Esther Williams, lived in Salt Lake City for ten years after marriage. Since turning sixty, she has received her Master's Degree, Ph.D., and D.D.

WE extend best wishes and birthday congratulations to Mrs. Isaac (Mary M.) Jacob of Los Angeles, California, formerly of Utah, ninety-five; Mrs. Janet McMurrin Evans, ninety-one, Salt Lake City; and Mrs. Matthew T. (Mary J.) Bell, ninety, Salt Lake City.

AT the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival in the Berkshires, Massachusetts (where Virginia Tanner's young L.D.S. group thrilled audiences last September), Ruth St. Dennis gave a remarkable performance. At seventy-three, she repeated some of the most difficult dances of her career with remarkable grace and spirit.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 41 JANUARY 1954 NO. 1

A Happier Life in the New Year

THE advent of a new year turns one's mind to his mistakes of the past year, and seems to nourish in the heart a resolution to fill the days that lie ahead with thoughts and actions which will conform in a closer pattern to that set by the Master in mortality.

As one sits alone in review, reflection, and judgment over his faults and failings, there comes, as each succeeding year passes, a deeper realization and a firmer conviction that only as one keeps the two great commandments, to love the Lord with all one's might, mind, and strength, and one's neighbor as oneself, can one become perfect as his Father in heaven is perfect.

Because the whole world is made up of neighbors—of individual families—the commandment to love one's neighbor has universal application. To love one's neighbor, however, does not mean to love the unfortunate neighbor residing miles or thousands of miles away, and ignoring or disliking the next-door neighbor.

Means of fostering love for one's next-door neighbor is found in the ward unit which the Lord has set up. So long as there are poor, distressed, discouraged, and sorrowful members within the confines of one's own ward, there is a responsibility to show love of neighbor to them. Then, after having thus shown forth love for one's near neighbor, a general love expressed for mankind has real meaning.

Of first importance in obeying and living the second commandment is love of one's own family. "Charity begins at home" is in line with the assertion of Timothy: "But if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel" (I Timothy 5:8). It is imperative that consideration, appreciation, understanding, helpfulness, and love flow around the family circle which will endure for time and eternity. A woman who pours forth devotion and care on neighbors, while neglecting her own sister, is desregarding a vital part of the second commandment.

The person who would overcome envy, greed, jealousy, selfishness, insincerity or more serious sins, will find their cure and a happier life in the new year through learning better to love his neighbors as himself. So the Master commanded all men, so may men become perfect.

—M.C.S.

Notes
TO THE FIELD

Relief Society Assigned Evening Meeting of Fast Sunday in March

THE Sunday night meeting to be held on Fast Day, March 7, 1954, has again been assigned by the First Presidency for use by the Relief Society.

Suggestive plans for this evening meeting have been prepared by the general board and sent to the stakes in bulletin form.

It is suggested that ward Relief Society presidents confer with their bishops immediately to arrange for this meeting. Music for the Singing Mothers should be ordered at once.

Bound Volumes of 1953 Relief Society Magazines

RELIEF Society officers and members who wish to have their 1953 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* bound may do so through the office of the general board, 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. The cost for binding the twelve issues in a permanent cloth binding is $2.50, including the index. If the leather binding is preferred the cost is $3.50. If bound volumes are requested and the *Magazines* for binding are not supplied by the person making the request, the charge for furnishing the *Magazine* will be $1.50, which will be added to the cost of binding, thus making the total cost for cloth-bound volumes $4.00, and for leather-bound volumes $5.00. Only a limited number of *Magazines* are available for binding.

It is suggested that wards and stakes have one volume of the 1953 *Magazines* bound for preservation in ward and stake Relief Society libraries.

Award Subscriptions Presented in April

THE award subscriptions presented to *Magazine* representatives for having obtained 75 per cent or more subscriptions to the *Magazine* in relation to their enrolled Relief Society members, are not awarded until after the stake *Magazine* representatives' annual reports have been audited. Award cards for these subscriptions for the year 1953 will be mailed to ward and stake *Magazine* representatives about April 1, 1954.

Moon Music

Louise Morris Kelley

For it must needs be, that there is an opposition in all things. If not so, my first-born in the wilderness, righteousness could not be brought to pass, neither wickedness, neither holiness nor misery, neither good nor bad. Wherefore, all things must needs be a compound in one . . . (2 Nephi 2:11).

FRANKIE was five years old, and he was not happy. We had hoped he was beginning to be, now that the lonely years were past . . . the days and years of moving from one temporary home to another—with his father in the service and his mother worried and unsettled.

Now his family was complete and solid, like a jigsaw puzzle with the center piece found. Now he belonged to a family, and Frankie had a kindergarten class of two dozen potential friends. Now surely, he should be happy.

"Mrs. Brown, we're so pleased with the progress Frankie is making," I told his teacher when she called me in for a conference. "He seems to be much better adjusted now."

"He *seems* to be," replied the teacher. "What, especially, have you noticed?"

"Well, his friends at school," I answered, puzzled by her reserve. "He comes home nearly every day with a story to tell about his little friends—how Barry chose him first in a game, or Mickey shared his licorice. The day he brought home an airplane Brian gave him he was simply bubbling."

She studied her pencil for a moment. "I'm sorry, truly sorry. He is still hanging back, still on the fringe—or farther out. Brian lost his plane on the playground last week."

I was stunned. "What more can we do?" I pleaded.

"If he had one friend, a real, true friend in the group, that friend could draw him in." Mrs. Brown shut her desk drawer and picked up her handbag. "I'm doing what I can, but no combination has taken yet. Perhaps you can find the one friend."

How was it that Jimmy became *the one*? Perhaps because the first day I visited school, he was the only boy besides Frankie who was wearing bib overalls. (I made a mental memo: Buy jeans and cords like the others wear.) Perhaps because he lived just around the corner. (Another memo: Make cookies tomorrow and invite Jimmy in on his way home from school.)

We brought Jimmy in slowly, subtly, patiently, as a fisherman lures a wary trout. Some of our casts snagged. When the movie "Destination Moon" came to town, we invited Jimmy to accompany us. We hoped for popcorn passed back and forth, exchange of comments, and delighted nudgings. Jimmy cooperated, but Frankie sat transfixed. Friend and family were forgotten in the wonder of the rocket's flight through uncharted space. His ears

were deaf to everything but the dialogue and the crescendo-diminuendo of the background music. We chalked up an "S" in science and a "U" in social relations and forgot it.

SEVERAL weeks later I was spending the early afternoon devising ways to make my little coiled spring unwind enough for a nap. I tuned in on a radio classics hour, hoping for some soft music. They were playing a favorite symphony, sometimes soft, of course, but often triple fortissimo. It became too loud for a lullaby, and Frankie called to me from his bedroom.

"Is that 'trip to the moon' music?"

"It's called symphony music—a form of classical music," I explained. "Now, how about that nap?"

Ignoring my question, he said, "It sounds like 'trip to the moon.' "

"All right, we'll call it 'trip to the moon' music."

"Do you like it, Mommy?"

"Very much."

"Then why do you keep turning it off?"

"I haven't turned it off," I said. "Sometimes it's very loud and sometimes it is soft and whispery. Then it gets loud again."

"Why is it that way?"

I replied, "Because it sounds better if it's not all the same."

"Why does it sound better?"

"Well, it's more interesting. You like ice cream, but if all the food that you ate tasted like ice cream you'd get tired of eating. Your tastebuds like a little food that's spicy, or sour, and a little that's smooth, or sweet, or syrupy, and lots of food that's in-between. But all different. The best music often has some parts thunder-loud and some parts mist-soft and some parts in-between. Now you're just trying to postpone your nap. No more questions."

But there came a knock at the door—Jimmy. So, after spending nearly an hour getting Frankie down for a nap, I let him get up to play after all. The friendship project was more important.

I waited through supper for him to make some comment about Jimmy, so we could tell how it was coming, but he hardly said a word about anything. He was watching every mouthful of food his father ate—as if eating were some strange ritual.

Finally he said, looking earnestly into Daddy's face, "It's not good if it's all the same."

"Huh?" was the surprised response.

"It's not good if it's all the same, Daddy," he repeated.

Puzzled, Daddy turned to me for an explanation, then searched Frankie's face for a clue of what this might be about. Finding none, he agreed absent-mindedly, "All right. It's not good if it's all the same" and resumed his meal.

I explained later.

"I wish I understood that boy better," Daddy said. "I feel like I'm failing him when he needs me most."

"I know. We've lost the most precious, the most plastic years. Now we have to hurry. There's so little time to help him before it's too late."

"And yet we musn't do the wrong thing."

"No," I agreed. "If only we could help him not to be unhappy about so many things, then, maybe, after that he could learn how to be happy."

"He has security now," my husband said. "He knows we both love him."

"But he still doesn't have within himself whatever it takes to meet disappointments and keep going."

"Maybe after awhile," Daddy said hopefully.

AFTER awhile the stories of school pals stopped, and Frankie hated to go to school. The kindergarten was a modern wonderland, with floor-to-ceiling windows, a playhouse, carpenter's bench, slippery slide, a jungle gym, fireplace, aquarium, painting easels, and cupboards full of toys. Yet he hung back as if he were a frontier youth on his way to "Master Hickory."

Then one night it all came out. I was checking to see if the "bairnies were a'cuddled doon." Frankie was asleep, with his face in the pillow. As I tiptoed out I caught a stifled sound—a sob. His pillow was sponge-wet with tears. His little shoulders were shaking now in an effort to keep the sobs from my hearing.

Instantly he was in my arms, absorbing that remedy known to mothers before medicine existed. Finally the sobs quieted, but still he clung to me, trembling.

"Is it school?" I inquired.

He nodded.

"But you have a friend at school now. Doesn't Jimmy help you play with toys, and paint and build?"

"Jimmy isn't my friend at school. When he comes here he acts like a friend," he continued, "but at school he doesn't even like me. He's on Bill's gang, and they don't want me on their gang, and if Bill says to Jimmy to beat me up then Jimmy does it." Then wistfully, "But Jimmy likes me some when Bill isn't there."

He waited for help, watching my face.

As I struggled to find the comforting advice, the soothing words, he stared intently at me, trying to read them in my eyes. Failing, he restated his problem: "Only *sometimes* he's my friend, and *sometimes* he hits me."

The words echoed and re-echoed. What can a mother say when she has not for herself the answer?

And so I prayed, silently, holding Frankie's hand, but encompassed by silence, "Oh, give me wisdom. Please, Father, let me know what to say."

I waited then, feeling comforted, watching the dusk deepen in the room, feeling fully a mother's love, a mother's responsibility.

But it was the child who said it, almost shouted it, in surprised discovery. *"It's like the music!"*

Even then I was lost, groping.

"What music, son?"

" 'Trip to the moon' music! Loud and then soft. Sometimes friends like you and sometimes they hit you. It can't be all the same." His face brightened. "It's that way with everything, isn't it, Mommy?"

Thus wisdom had come . . . and understanding and comfort. Frank-

ie's own thoughts had been guided, directed. They had found a clear channel.

Nestling down in his bed again and smiling now, he said, "It's better that way, I guess."

"Yes, it's better. Soon you'll have good friends, and you'll enjoy them all the more because you'll remember how unhappy you were tonight."

"And if I'm unhappy again," he said sleepily, "I'll know it will get different. Like the music. That 'trip . . . to the . . . moon' . . . music . . . ."

He was asleep. I sat by his bed remembering words of inspiration and understanding, seeing a light in the dusk-shadowed room, "For it needs must be, that there is an opposition in all things . . . ."

My Calendar

Elsie Sim Hansen

"Today is the beginning of a new month, Mother, please may I turn the page on the calendar?" my young daughter asked as she climbed up on the kitchen stool to reach the calendar hanging on the wall.

The eagerness in her young voice startled me for a moment as I said in surprise, "Of course you may, dear, but why get so excited about it?"

She stood poised on the top of the stool like a young bird ready for flight, watching me place the last tray of a batch of cookies in the oven before she replied, and then she said, "It's lots of fun, Mother. See, if I shut my eyes tight while I turn over the page, when I open them again the old month is gone, and there is a new pretty picture to look at, and the page is all covered with clean, shiny new days."

A few minutes later Shirley went outside to play, but what she had said continued to linger in my thoughts. Then I asked myself this question: What kind of picture did I see as I turned the pages each month? Was the picture before me all I had hoped it would be? Was it full of faith, hope, and enthusiasm for a happy future, like the smiling face of the lovely young girl that Shirley had seen as she opened her eyes? Was the new page in front of me to be full of shiny new days, each one regarded as a precious piece of clay to be moulded by my hands, thoughts, and actions into years filled with joy and satisfaction? If not, then perhaps it was time that I accepted the challenge that was before me.

True, I could not expect to shut my eyes completely to the past, as Shirley had done. I wouldn't even want to, for I would need the strength and wisdom I had gained from traveling the hills and paths in the picture of my past to broaden my future vision.

There might be many times in the years ahead when I might falter, when it would take more courage than I would think I possessed to close my eyes to the thorns of regrets and the weeds of mistakes that would try to grow into my picture and hover like dark clouds to dim the days and blot out my view temporarily, but only *temporarily*, if I willed it so. For always before me to lend a helping hand would be the tools my Heavenly Father had so generously provided for me, the tools of prayer, faith, and an unselfish desire to be of service to others, which, if used properly, would give me new strength, new ambition, and new opportunities, each day, each month, each year, until my calendar of life would be completed.

The Deeper Melody

Chapter 4

Alice Morrey Bailey

Synopsis: Steven Thorpe, a widower with three small children, is grateful to Margaret Crain, a registered nurse, for taking care of his baby during an attack of pneumonia. Margaret's mother is acting temporarily as Steven's housekeeper, while making plans for her daughter's approaching marriage to Dr. Rex Harmon. In the meantime, Steven wins back the Kettle Creek contract and is reinstated in his job.

"NONSENSE!" said Steve. "You're just hysterical, J. T., on getting this contract. You don't have to leave me the business to get me back into the company. I'd come under any condition."

"I'm not hysterical, and this is no snap decision. I've been watching you for years, as well as a dozen other young men. Kettle Creek has been a sort of testing ground with me ever since I failed to sell them ten years ago. I knew then that the man who could would be a better man than I. Nobody has succeeded, but I was most disappointed when you failed."

"Don't give me too much credit for getting back up there and selling the contract. I was thinking about it, I'll admit, but it seemed too crazy until Phyllis' nurse got the same idea. She's a pretty level sort of person, and . . . ."

"Phyllis' nurse? You think she's wonderful don't you? Is she young? Is she pretty? Is she single?"

"All three," laughed Steve.

"You'd better marry that girl. Don't let her get away from you."

"She's engaged. She's wearing a diamond as big as your fist."

"Buy her a bigger one. Go to, and cut him out."

"You surely must want me married, J. T. You've never seen the girl. You don't know anything about her."

"I know what you've told me about her—she got your baby well. She gave you the right kind of advice and support. I told you I've been watching you for years." He broke off to go to his files and get a brochure.

To Steve's astonishment, it contained nothing but information about him, his sales record, his marriage, the birth of his babies, Ellen's death, the letters he had written the company when he was sales manager of a district near Craig—all of it was there.

"I was pretty sure about you a long time ago, Steve. I took a liking to you the first time I saw you, when you were the greenest salesman I had, just fresh out of college with a degree in business. It intrigued me that a fellow with your marks didn't hit for at least a managership in some department store. Why did you do it, boy? I've always been curious."

"It's a long story, and it wasn't snap judgment. I'm crazy about machinery. I worked in a mill when I went to college, and I was appalled at the waste of inefficient

machinery—the world's treasures spread out in sand dumps all over the world. That's where Pikes Peak came in. Your machinery has the most perfect recovery of any. You have always been a hero to me, J. T., a sort of Horatio Alger of the machine world. Take a machine job that was impossible to anyone else and you could do it. Selling your machinery was more than a job with me. It was a crusade."

"Then you wonder why I want you in this with me, Steve. It was inevitable that we should get together. But I want you to get married—to the right girl. Your wife was the right kind. I had the right kind of wife, or there would be no PPMM today, however, I never found the right one to take her place, so now I have no sons to carry on the business. And it is still a baby business. I want our own foundries, our own supply sources. I won't live to see it, Steve, but it is something for you to shoot at."

THE partnership papers were being drawn up when Steve went home. He was alternately giddy with the thought of his new position and sobered by his sense of inadequacy for the responsibilities it would bring. It was a wonderful homecoming—the first in a long time not accompanied by fear and dread of what he would find. Davey and Ilene squealed their delight, both chattering all their day's doings at once, and trotted after him to Phyllis' room. Even Mrs. Crain left her biscuit making and brought up the rear. One glance at Phyllis crowned his day. She looked perfectly well.

When it came to Margaret he found it difficult to meet her eyes, in the light of his recent thoughts and J. T's forthright conversation. When, at length, he did, she was searching his face with question.

"Was it a good trip?" she asked.

"I feel like a conquering hero," he confirmed.

She nodded. "You look like one. Kettle Creek came through all right, I take it."

"Yes, and you are now gazing on a brand new PPMMC vice-president!"

His own flesh and blood could not have been more delighted. Mrs. Crain bustled to the kitchen to put party trimmings on an already superb dinner. Later he found opportunity to talk to Margaret.

"I haven't the foggiest notion how to thank you," he told her. "You are certainly my good angel. Except for you none of these miracles would have happened—Phyllis well, your mother making my home a delight, and now this—for you must know that one sentence of yours marked the turning point of my life."

"What sentence was that?"

"The one about me getting back that Kettle Creek contract."

"Nonsense! You were already thinking about it."

"Yes," admitted Steve, "but you motivated me to action."

"It took more than that really to do it. I can see by your face how hard you've worked."

Ah! That was what it took to put the crown on a victory! A few words of praise from the woman a man . . . . But this was absurd! Steve had almost said—in his mind, to be sure—the word *loves*.

STEVE took a firm grip on himself and looked the possibility squarely in the face. Grant that he could and did fall in love again, as everyone seemed to wish. Grant that he might fall in love with Miss Crain, what then? Certainly any man could love such a superb woman, but she wasn't for just any man. She wasn't for Steve, being, as she was, practically married to another man—a man from her own professional world, one who could understand and properly appreciate her, one who was entering marriage for the first time, to whom she would be first, to whom her children would be first. No! Whatever he felt it was certainly to be killed in the root. Steve knew that.

Killing it was another matter, with her in the house every minute he was home, across the table for breakfast and dinner, her translucent white cap winged above her fine blue eyes, her immaculate uniformed slimness moving about the room, trailed by the adoring Davey and Ilene, her arms lifting and cradling his little Phyllis. She was just through the wall when he slept, and wherever she was, night or day, he was increasingly aware of her presence.

It was a miracle to watch her with the other children, for she assumed the responsibility of them, as well as Phyllis. Small as they were, she regarded each as a person in his own right. She quickly established a health routine with them, showing them how to brush their teeth, and making a game of everything from naps to vitamins. She settled their baby arguments with a clear logic which satisfied them. It was interesting to watch her technique for keeping Phyllis in bed, for she was almost recovered.

"She's not out of danger yet," Steve would insist, and he really meant it. "Weak as she is, she could catch cold and start the whole thing over."

At last, however, the inevitable could not be longer postponed. Phyllis was completely well, and there was no possible excuse for a registered nurse to stay on. The dreaded day arrived when the nurse and her mother were to take their leave. They tried in every way to prepare the little ones for the event, and every preparation was a failure.

"Davey's going, too," Davey announced, going to get his little suitcase, with Ilene following suit. Phyllis watched her nurse with mingled fear and apprehension dawning in her baby eyes, and clutched Margaret whenever she moved so much as a foot.

"You'll have to pack for us both, Mother," the nurse said. "Mr. Thorpe, this is going to be the hardest thing I ever tried to do."

"I know," said Steve over the lump in his throat, unable to say more. A woman was coming in the morning to take over—a woman Steve had employed because she seemed the best of those few he had to choose from. She was middle-aged and looked strong and had been coming to help for a day or so.

THE Crains stood with their coats on, their luggage all ready. Steve was going to take the children along to drive them home. Just as they were going out the front door, the telephone rang.

It was for Miss Crain, the nurse's registry calling. The conversation was quite long, and she was grave, listening, answering with a monosyllable or two. Once she said: "Well, you know I am getting married in June," and later, "Dr. Harmon suggested you call me? Oh, then, of course I'll come."

Dr. Harmon, Margaret's fiance, the object of Steve's burning and jealous curiosity!

"They want me to be temporary night superintendent of the hospital," she said. "Mother, what do you think of that?"

"It would give you shopping time in the day. There are some advantages, Margaret."

"It isn't exactly night work. It is three to eleven. I told them I'd take it. Rex suggested they call me, so it must fit his plans."

Three to eleven! The only time Steve had free was in the evenings. There would not even be a possibility he could see Margaret again before her wedding. Steve's heart plunged, but he recognized it was probably the best thing for him—hurt as it might to have her go.

"So Dr. Harmon is back?" he asked conversationally.

"Back?" queried Margaret. "Dr. Harmon hasn't been away."

"Oh," said Steve, and stopped in confusion. "I thought—well he hasn't called you—to my knowledge—or come to see you."

"It isn't proper to see me on a case. Anyhow, he is a very busy man, and only sees me twice a week. A doctor has a very tight schedule, and must have his rest."

Steve was silent, remembering his own courtship days. This Rex must indeed be a cold fish. Steve found he disliked him already, without having seen the paragon. And a girl like Margaret! What was the man made of? Margaret was calm about it, and seemed thoroughly awed by him. Except for that, Steve would certainly do as J. T. had suggested: "Try to cut the man out."

Yes, it was better all round that Steve wouldn't see her again.

"Daddy! Let's go!" Davy shouted.

Steve jumped.

"The bad feature is that you will be alone all the time, Mother," Margaret was saying. "They expect me to live in, but there is no provision for you."

"That's not a problem," boomed Steve. "She can stay on here. I'll have Mrs. Hall come in to do the heavy work, and she can concentrate on the children. How about it Mrs. Crain?"

"I don't see why not. I'm relieved at not having to leave these precious babies."

* * * * *

SO it was arranged. Mrs. Crain promptly became "Mama" to the children, and Margaret was "Other Mama." As such she was still the final authority, for she called nearly every day. Steve could detect evidences of her in the conversation. "Other Mama says no!" from Ilene, or "Other Mama bought my shoes," from Davey.

"Margaret says those cowboy boots you bought for Davey would ruin his feet in ten days. She bought him these special children's shoes, and some gauntlet gloves to win the argument."

"Tell her I'm grateful. I'll reimburse her."

"That will be fine. She doesn't expect you to, but she does need all her money just now. Dr. Harmon offered her money to help buy the trousseau, but of course she refused!"

"Nobody ever needs to be ashamed of Margaret," Steve said hotly.

"That's what I think," agreed Mrs. Crain.

Yes, it was good she was gone. Yet her absence sharpened, rather than lessened, the aching longing Steve had for her. Why couldn't his emotions fasten onto someone more within reason of his reaching? Miss Tate, for instance? Steve felt sure she was inclined toward him, if only by the small, nervous gestures she made whenever he was near, the flustered patting of her hair that annoyed him so much. Was there anything wrong with her? She was probably a very nice girl, Steve thought, and she irritated him only because he was so sure that if he should say to her: "Miss Tate, will you marry me?" she would comply instantly.

All this, thought Steve, was just one more demonstration of his sudden aberration, brought on, no doubt, by the unaccustomed ease the Crains had brought to his household, the release from so much responsibility of the little ones, and influenced by the desire of so many people that he get married—first his mother—then J. T.—and even Margaret herself.

Steve pulled himself up short. No doubt even Miss Tate would be derisive at his thoughts. He put his mind to more productive work, but the next day Miss Tate herself confirmed his opinion, at least in part. She had brought some letters in for him to sign, and waited unnecessarily long. When he looked up, she seemed to be frightened.

He was about to ask if she were ill, when she stammered that she had two tickets to the symphony, but no partner, and wondered if he would care to go with her. He didn't care to, most definitely, but he could see his refusal would be embarrassingly painful to her. Besides, his curiosity had been roused by his musings.

"Why, that is very thoughtful of you, Miss Tate. Thank you."

(To be continued)

I Would Not Have You Weep

Christie Lund Coles

I would not have you weep when I am gone,
Nor say, "We should have done it thus or so,"
I shall have risen to a fairer dawn,
Than you have ever seen, and I shall know

Too much of peace to countenance regret,
Too much of joy to want your sorrow's breath.
I only ask that you will not forget,
Will love me in the interim called death.

Melvina Bennett Clark Makes Braided Rugs

Melvina Bennett Clark, seventy-two, of Orem, Utah, still enjoys her life-long hobby—making braided rugs. She has made hundreds of rugs in round and oval shapes, and has even tried to make braided rugs in the form of a square. Her favorite rug is one which she worked out in color tones of blue and gold. At present she is working on a rug which will cover the floor of a ten by twelve-foot room. The only real ability required for making braided rugs, Mrs. Clark says, is to be sure to braid them and sew them together in such a way that there will be no pulling or bulging, and the rug will lie flat.

The homes of Mrs. Clark's four children and those of many other relatives and friends have been made beautiful and comfortable by the lovely braided rugs, the "Happiness Hobby" of this industrious woman.

Mrs. Clark loves Relief Society and the *Magazine* and was for many years a devoted visiting teacher.

Love's Destiny

Ada Marie Patten

I used to think that love, however true,
With all things mortal, had its temporal day,
As sunset colors blazon evening skies
Eventually to turn to cheerless gray.

But now I know love passes as a seed —
Dies only to awaken in rebirth,
With new and brighter growth that reaches far
And leaves a richer legacy to earth.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Lenore G. Merrill

LONG BEACH STAKE (CALIFORNIA), SAN PEDRO WARD BAZAAR
October 10, 1953

Left to right: Esther Holder, work meeting leader; Oma Beaver, Work Director Counselor; Donna Powers, Education Counselor; Winnie M. Harmon, President.

Special features of this unusually successful bazaar were the beautiful quilt, pillow cases, cobbler aprons, and children's wear. A fashion show, with Relief Society women and their children acting as models, was a high point of interest in the evening's entertainment.

Lenore G. Merrill is president of Long Beach Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Pearle U. Winkler

NORTH SANPETE STAKE (UTAH), ELEVEN FORMER WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS NOW MEMBERS OF FAIRVIEW SOUTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY, AND PRESENT PRESIDENT OF FAIRVIEW SOUTH WARD

Front row, seated, left to right: Burdella Terry of Milburn Ward Relief Society; Ione Rigby, Fairview South Ward; Sarah Rigby, Fairview South Ward; Nellie Neilson, Fairview North Ward; Elizabeth Anderson, Fairview South Ward; Elnora Jenkins, Milburn Ward.

Back row, standing, left to right: Alice Nelson, Clear Creek Ward Relief Society; Marcella Graham, Fairview South Ward; Emma Evans, Fairview South Ward; Valera Cheney, Fairview South Ward; Helen Bohne, Fairview South Ward; Lucy Tucker, President of Fairview South Ward Relief Society.

Pearle U. Winkler is president of North Sanpete Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Elizabeth B. Reiser

BRITISH MISSION, MANCHESTER DISTRICT, HYDE BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY MAKES QUILT

Left to right: Sister Grimshaw; Sister Loveland, from Utah; Sister Jackson, Second Counselor; Sister Boothroyd; Sister Woodruff, President; Sister Townsend, First Counselor; Sister Alsop, Secretary; Sister Page.

These women worked diligently to complete the quilt, under the direction of Sister Loveland.

Elizabeth B. Reiser is president of the British Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Mabel M. Nalder

CENTRAL ATLANTIC STATES MISSION, VIRGINIA CENTRAL DISTRICT SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR DISTRICT CONFERENCE
August 30, 1953

Front row, left to right: Irene Rowland; Edith Rowland; Lena Woods; Gladys Robinson; Nora Manspile; Julia Rowland; Ivy Christley; Marie Mullins; Dora Ramsey.

Second row, left to right: Mamie Johnson, District Relief Society President; Beulah Riley; Vernie Clark; Flora Friend, chorister; Dessie Robertson; Edith Henson; Tillie Smith; Ethel Coleman; Ava Trent; Maie Henderson; Ruth Blunck.

Back row, left to right: Hattie Clark; Jane Coleman; Sadie Parr; Camilla Rowland; Christine DeBusk, pianist; Eula Angel; Fannie Lilly; Thora Christley; Virginia Summers; Janie Crosby.

Mabel M. Nalder is president of the Central Atlantic States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Lanola C. Driggs

LIBERTY STAKE (UTAH), HARVARD WARD VISITING TEACHERS MAKE ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD

The Harvard Ward Relief Society has made a record of which they can well be proud. Since March 1952, they have made a one hundred per cent record of visiting teaching. Every district has been covered every month. The teachers are very conscientious and willing, and have many times expressed their love for this work. The Relief Society presidency: Marelda Gottfredson, President, and her Counselors Verna Hunter and Adele Ernstsen, feel that a great deal of missionary work and the spreading of the gospel have been done by this valiant group of workers.

LaNola C. Driggs is former president of Liberty Stake Relief Society. The new president is Verna A. Hunter.

Photograph submitted by Mavil A. McMurrin

NORTHWESTERN STATES MISSION, FAIRBANKS (ALASKA) RELIEF SOCIETY WOMEN ASSIST IN BUILDING "THE FARTHEST NORTH CHAPEL"

Front row, seated, left to right: Minnie Carroll; Bernice Black; Second Counselor Mardella Coil; President Blanche Abbott; Secretary Helen Bates; First Counselor Opal Stoneman.

Second row, standing, left to right: Loa Maxwell; Lena Clark; Arvilla Clayton; Charlotte Virgin; LaPriel Clayton.

Third row, standing, left to right: Alma Irwin; Donna Carroll; Leah Edgel; Charlotte Taylor.

Not present when picture was taken: Alene Anderson, Merlene Anderson, Alice Hollist, Dores Osguthorpe, and Arlene Reese.

President Blanche Abbott, in reporting the activities of this enthusiastic group, outlines some of their major projects over the last few years: "We gave dinners and had basket socials . . . . Our first major undertaking was presenting a concert given by Estaleah H. Baker, wife of the then Commanding General of Ladd Air Force Base. She is a concert singer and donated all the proceeds . . . to the building fund. We had the concert at the Empress Theater . . . . We decided each sister would sew one article a month for the bazaar. We had twelve sisters . . . . We held all our meetings, even when it got to be fifty-six degrees below zero. The sisters from College, five miles from Fairbanks, came in on the bus. We had an average of nine present . . . . President and Sister McMurrin visited us to bring words of wisdom and love . . . . In the fall of 1951 we had our bazaar. We invited the people of the city to come and we had a wonderful bazaar. Everyone was interested in what the 'Mormons' could do . . . . In March 1952, we gave a branch dinner and had 105 present, and the number at that time on the roll of the branch . . . . In July 1952 President and Sister McMurrin returned North, bringing with them Brother and Sister Joseph Fielding Smith. We had our building completed and ready for dedication and it was indeed a wonderful service when Brother Smith gave the dedicatoy prayer and presented our building to our Heavenly Father for his acceptance. God had indeed blessed the saints in this branch . . . . No task is too large or too small for any sister in this branch . . . . We send our love and pray God's richest blessings on all the sisters and their families in this great organization, the Relief Society."

Mavil A. McMurrin is president of the Northwestern States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Virginia R. Vaterlaus

MONTPELIER STAKE (IDAHO) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE AND PRESENT EASTER CANTATA, 1953

Cathrine Mumford, stake music director, who invited this group to sing for stake quarterly conference, is seated at the left on the first row of the left section. Seated in the third row, in the left section, are stake Relief Society officers: Drucilla Winters, Second Counselor; Virginia R. Vaterlaus, President; Martha Sorenson, First Counselor. Delilah Loveday, chorister, is seated in the center of the first row in the right-hand section; Hazel Jacobsen, organist, is seated at the right in the same section.

Photograph submitted by Lena W. Glaus

EAST GERMAN MISSION, RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR AT HANNOVER September 1953

All of the beautiful aprons, dresses, accessories, and miscellaneous items were made from old clothing and materials by the faithful and enthusiastic sisters of Hannover.

Lena W. Glaus is former president of the East German Mission Relief Society. The new president is Ethel E. Gregory.

Photograph submitted by Ada S. VanDam

NETHERLANDS MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS SING AT CONVENTION IN HAARLEM, September 24, 1953

This photograph shows the Relief Society sisters singing under the leadership of chorister Renstje Vanderlinden. Ada S. VanDam, President, Netherlands Mission Relief Society, reports that every district in the mission was represented on the program at this convention. "This convention, planned and directed by Sister Ada S. VanDam, with the capable help of Sister Charlotte Green . . . and Sister Renstje Vanderlinden and Sister Maria Schippers . . . laid the foundation for a highly successful 1953-54 season of activity, education, and work . . . . After opening the meeting with appropriate song and prayer and a word of welcome by Sister VanDam, an introduction as to the purpose of the meeting . . . was given by Sister Vanderlinden. This was followed by a talk on the slogan by Sister Soerilje Koopal from Harlingen; the theology lessons by Sister Clasina Bredewoud from Utrecht; work meeting by Sister Siementje Groen from Apeldoornl; the literature lessons by Sister Mina Halling, Amsterdam; social science lessons by Sister Alida Eijgelaar, Rotterdam. Various musical selections and a demonstrated song practice were included between these splendid talks. Then the outlined programs for the March and November Sunday evening meetings were ably discussed by Sister Johanna Asscheman from The Hague, who appeared in a beautiful native Dutch costume, carrying out the November message that the Relief Society is a world-wide sisterhood. Sister S. VanDerWal from Hilversum appeared in a pioneer costume and discussed the Relief Society birthday — March 17th. Thereafter Sister Green ably discussed record keeping, minute books, and other important business and administrative matters . . . . Attractive gold and blue programs listing all the activities for the convention were created in the shape of a Dutch tulip and were distributed to all present."

Winter Night

Beatrice K. Ekman

Unsullied ice-blades rim the kitchen eaves
And lend prismatic flame to candlelight.
Through raveling clouds, a round moon weaves
A path of gold across the silver night.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 23—Righteousness and Good Government

(Text: The Book of Mormon: Mosiah 27-29)

For Tuesday, April 6, 1954

Objective: To explain how spirituality undergirds good government.

The Just Rule of King Mosiah

KING Mosiah, like his father Benjamin, worked diligently to have his people attain eternal life. They esteemed Mosiah more than any other man, for they felt the influence of his great and good personality. He had taught them the commandments of God, had labored assiduously to establish peace in the land, and had tried to eradicate contentions, stealing, plundering, murder, and all other types of iniquity. He punished according to the law whosoever committed iniquity.

Under divine guidance, King Mosiah had endeavored to govern the people in such a manner that his acts would be conducive to their eternal welfare. Recognizing Alma as a great spiritual leader, he had given him charge of the ecclesiastical affairs in the kingdom.

Leadership of Alma

Alma, you will recall, was early in his life one of the wicked priests of King Noah in the land of Nephi. Sincerely repenting, he had grown to the full stature of a great religious leader. Having had to plead with God for a forgiveness of his own sins, he had learned the need of forgiving other repentant sinners. He could throw the mantle of charity about the sins of others and usher them back into the fold of God. He knew the joy that is attached to repentance and forgiveness. He spent his life trying to induce all men to experience those joys.

These two great men, workers in a common cause to elevate the ideals, aspirations, and actions of the people in and around Zarahemla, found many difficulties to overcome.

Unbelief of Leaders' Sons

Chief among the obstacles to righteous living was the fact that Alma's son, named Alma, and four of Mosiah's sons, Ammon, Aaron, Omner, and Himni were numbered among the disbelievers. As a matter of fact, they were leaders in a movement to crush the work their fathers so zealously labored to accomplish.

Young "Alma was a very wicked and an idolatrous man." He was gifted with a smooth tongue and could use the language with a high degree of facility. He flattered the people and led them into all kinds of iniquities. He stole away the hearts of the people from his father and King Mosiah.

The sons of Mosiah were "the very vilest of sinners." They also worked, to the maximum of their ability, to destroy the righteous undertakings of their father and Alma the elder. These five recalcitrant sons were busily engaged in their work of destruction.

Miraculous Conversion

One day as the five young men were "going about rebelling against God," an angel of the Lord appeared unto them. The angel spoke to them in a voice of thunder which made the earth shake. He commanded Alma to rise, for he had fallen to the earth, and then asked them:

> Why persecutest thou the church of God? For the Lord hath said: This is my church, and I will establish it; and nothing shall overthrow it, save it is the transgression of my people . . . . the Lord hath heard the prayers of his people, and also the prayers of his servant, Alma, who is thy father; for he has prayed with much faith concerning thee that thou mightest be brought to the knowledge of the truth; therefore, for this purpose have I come to convince thee of the power and authority of God, that the prayers of his servants might be answered according to their faith. . . . And now I say unto thee, Alma, go thy way, and seek to destroy the church no more, that their prayers may be answered, and this even if thou wilt of thyself be cast off (Mosiah 27:13 ff.).

Shocked by the appearance of the angel and by the words he had spoken, Alma the younger and the sons of Mosiah fell to the ground. They knew of a surety that it was the power of God which had made the earth tremble. The astonishment of Alma was so great he became dumb and could not open his mouth. He also became weak so he could not move his hands. He was carried in a helpless condition to his father.

His father, Alma, rejoiced, for he knew that the power of God had wrought upon his son. Alma called the priests and the people to assemble to witness what had happened. The priests fasted and prayed to the Lord, petitioning him to open the mouth of Alma the son and to bring strength to his limbs "that the eyes of the people might be opened to see and know of the goodness and glory of God" (Mosiah 27:22).

After two days and nights of fasting and prayer, strength came into the limbs of Alma, and he began to speak saying, "I have repented of my sins, and have been redeemed of the Lord; behold I am born of the Spirit. . . . My soul hath been redeemed from the gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity. I was in the darkest abyss; but now I behold the

marvelous light of God" (Mosiah 27:24, 29).

The Five Sons Become Preachers of Righteousness

From this time forth Alma and the four sons of Mosiah traveled throughout all the land confessing their sins and telling the people how God in his mercy had sent an angel from heaven to call them to repentance. They were greatly persecuted by unbelievers, being smitten by many of them; but amidst persecution they brought much consolation to the Church, confirming the people in their faith and exhorting them to diligence in keeping the commandments. Zealously, they worked to repair the damage which they had done to the Church. They became powerful instruments in the hands of God in bringing many people to a knowledge of their Redeemer.

The Sons of Mosiah Take a Mission to the Lamanites

So impressed with the power of the gospel were the sons of Mosiah, that they asked their father, the King, for the privilege of taking the gospel to the Lamanites in the land of Nephi. They told him that they wanted to convince the Lamanites of the iniquity of their fathers and thus cure them of their hatred towards the Nephites and establish an era of peace between these two peoples, and also that they wanted the Lamanites to receive the gospel. It hurt them to think that any human soul should perish.

They had feared, at times, that they would be cast off forever, and they desired to make amends for their wrongdoings. Mosiah submitted to the Lord the problem of sending his sons to the Lamanites and received in answer the following revelation

> Let them go up, for many shall believe on their words, and they shall have eternal life; and I will deliver thy sons out of the hands of the Lamanites (Mosiah 28:7).

And these sons went on the mission to the land of Nephi.

Mosiah Proposes to Establish a Democratic Government

Mosiah had no one to confer the kingdom upon for there was not any of his sons who would accept the kingdom. They had renounced the kingdom to become humble missionaries to the Lamanites.

Mosiah determined, therefore, to give the plates of brass, the plates of Nephi, and all the things which he had kept and preserved according to the commandments of God, with the twenty-four gold plates, to Alma, the son of Alma. Mosiah had translated these plates of gold [Book of Ether, see Ether 1:2] delivered to him by Limhi by means of the two stones fastened into the two rims of the bow, called interpreters. The people of Mosiah rejoiced in the knowledge that they thus gained of those people who formerly had dwelt upon the land and who had been destroyed because of their wickedness.

Mosiah wrote to his people recommending that they should not have a king but should establish a form of government where "the burden should come upon all the people, that every man might bear his part" (Mosiah 29:34).

Elder James E. Talmage, in his *Vitality of Mormonism*, copyright 1919, page 200, gives us an interesting summary of the political achievements of Mosiah:

> In a stirring proclamation he set forth the potential dangers of kingly rule and admonished the nation to guard its liberty as a sacred possession, and to delegate the governing powers to officers of its own choosing, whom he called judges, who should be elected by popular vote, and who could be impeached if charged with iniquitous exercises of power and be removed if found unworthy. King Mosiah summarized in a masterful way the fundamentals of true democracy.

His reasons for discouraging the selection of a king were, in substance, as follows: (1) Aaron, his son, whose right it was to be king had refused the call. If the kingdom was conferred upon another, Aaron might regret his decision and seek through war to gain his rightful crown; (2) It is better to be judged by God than by man; (3) Sometimes people suffer under the rule of a wicked king, like King Noah in the land of Nephi, and are taken into bondage; (4) The wickedness of a king leads the people astray, and finally, it should be a land of liberty where justice and equality exist.

For these reasons Mosiah suggested to them that they establish another form of government, a democratic form where the people would elect judges and have the power to recall them in case they did not judge righteous judgments. The higher judges could be tried by a select group of lower judges, and the lower judges could be tried by the higher judges.

Alma the Son Becomes the First Chief Judge

The people, acclaiming the wisdom and foresight of Mosiah, accepted his recommendations. Alma the son was appointed to be the first Chief Judge. Alma now had a dual mission, to serve as Chief Judge to the people, and to act as their religious leader, as High Priest, an office that had been conferred on him by his father.

The reign of the judges throughout all the land of Zarahemla, among all the people who were called the Nephites, commenced in 91 B.C., with Alma the son as first Chief Judge. Mosiah died in the thirty-third year of his reign at the age of sixty-three. Alma the father, the founder of the Church, died about the same time, having lived eighty-two years.

Mosiah had lived to shape conditions in such a manner that he established a sound pattern of representative government in America at a very early period. He taught the people that America was to be a land of equality, a land of liberty, and that equality and liberty were products of a deep and abiding spirituality among both leaders and people.

Questions for Discussion

1. What effect did the conversion of the four sons of Mosiah have upon Nephite government?
2. Why did Mosiah condemn the kingly form of government?
3. What values did he see in a representative democracy?
4. How much did Mosiah value liberty among the people?
5. What lesson can we learn concerning our representative democracy?

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 23—"But There Is a Resurrection, Therefore the Grave Hath No Victory, and the Sting of Death Is Swallowed Up in Christ" (Mosiah 16:8).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, April 6, 1954

Objective: To give assurance of life after death.

WE shall live again! This is the glorious promise of the resurrection! Down through the ages, many great and noble souls have echoed the words of Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth" (Job 19:25). History also affirms the truth of the resurrection.

To Latter-day Saints the resurrection is not a fantastic story, not a dim hope, but a *reality*. It is a logical sequence to mortality. We accept it as an important part of the plan of salvation. Latter-day Saints have evidence of the resurrection which is not known to the world generally. In answer to the sincere prayer of Joseph Smith, the Father, and the risen Redeemer appeared to him in person. Later, Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon beheld the Savior and heard his voice. This is their solemn declaration:

> And now, after the many testimonies which have been given of him, this is the testimony, last of all, which we give of him: That he lives! For we saw him, even on the right hand of God; and we heard the voice bearing record that he is the Only Begotten of the Father—That by him, and through him, and of him, the worlds are and were created, and the inhabitants thereof are begotten sons and daughters unto God (D. & C. 76:22-24).

Latter-day Saints accept birth and death as necessary steps to the advancement of mankind. We came to this earth to prove ourselves in mortality. From here we will go on to another stage of development to continue eternally. It has been said, "To live is to go on a journey. To die is but to come back home."

A perfect faith in the resurrection tempers the parting with loved ones. It brings comfort and tranquility to the hearts of the bereaved, for they are assured that the separation is for a relatively short period, and is but preliminary to a happier state.

We might say that death itself gives credence to the resurrection for were there no resurrection, an immense waste of time and struggle and achievement would result. Such waste is not consistent with the works of God. Surely the plan of the Creator which brings planets into being, and which creates the human body, would not permit countless millions of people to spend a few years in this troubled life, if it were not to be followed by something of great consequence.

" 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' He who can thus testify of the living Redeemer," said President David O. McKay, "has his soul anchored in eternal truth" (*Deseret News*, "Church Section," April 16, 1952).

Work Meeting—Family Money Management

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 7—Spending Your Home Furnishings Dollar—Soft Floor Coverings

For Tuesday, April 13, 1954

Rhea H. Gardner

IN no other field of home furnishings have there been so many new innovations in such a short time as in soft floor coverings. Weave names, such as Wilton and Axminster, are becoming more and more unimportant. Today, there is an ever-widening choice of new weaves, fibers, and methods of construction. The kind that is best for you will depend upon your personal needs. There is a "best buy" for every need and for every room.

No longer can one say that one fiber produces a better appearing or better wearing rug than another. Factors other than kind of fiber must be considered. Generally speaking, a dense pile will mean longer wear. The type of construction is not as important as the thickness of the pile, according to tests made by the National Bureau of Standards. Loop pile construction repels soil and crushing more than does cut pile. The number of rows of tufts per inch is no longer the only measuring guide to quality. Of two carpets, each with the same number of rows of tufts per inch, one might be far superior.

Wool will likely forever remain a favorite carpet fiber, due to its high resistance to crushing, resistance to soil, ease of cleaning, and good wearing qualities. Due to a shortage of carpet-type wool, however, man-made fibers are being woven into carpet yarn, and blended with wool. Blends now make up about seventy per cent of rug production. In 1952, rayon was used in forty-one per cent of all carpets made; thirty per cent of the entire output of soft floor coverings was of cotton. One no longer needs to feel that wool is the only carpet fiber that can be relied upon. A test was made by sewing strips of fifty per cent wool and fifty per cent rayon-blend carpeting with strips of all wool. After two years of heavy use, no one was able to see any difference in the wearing qualities of the two weaves.

Read the Label. If it says "wool and rayon," at least fifty per cent of the rug must be made of wool. There could be as much as ninety-five per cent. If the label reads "rayon (or acetate) and wool," the rug will contain at least fifty per cent rayon and could go as high as ninety-five per cent.

Some advantages of rayon carpet fiber over wool are:

1. Carpet rayon has a much greater tensile strength than wool.
2. It costs much less than good wool.
3. It has better surface coverage than all wool.
4. It does not stain easily, and stains may be easily removed, because of low moisture absorption of fiber.

Some disadvantages are

1. Rayon fiber is weak when wet.
2. Acetate rayon is static, attracting soil to it. (Manufacturers are working to eliminate this.)

3. It has low resistance to crushing, and as it crushes, the color appears to change.
4. It fades more readily than all wool.

With the increasing use of cotton fibers in rugmaking, one cannot afford to desregard cotton-face carpeting, when considering the purchase of a soft floor covering.

Some advantages of cotton carpeting are:

1. Prices are lower than for most other fibers.
2. It is mothproof.
3. Some types are reversible.
4. Cleaning is simple, if the rug can be taken up and sent to a commercial laundry.
5. It wears well.

Some disadvantages are:

1. Stains are not easily removed.
2. It sheds lint.
3. Cut pile mats down when stepped upon.
4. All colors are not yet fast to sunlight.
5. Cotton has an affinity for soil.
6. Loose carpeting kicks up easily, if not treated.
7. Cotton carpet stretches. It is particularly noticeable in wall-to-fall cotton carpeting. Manufacturers are trying to find a method of preventing stretching.

Saron, Fiber E, and nylon are other man-made fibers that are being tested for carpet use, but it is not expected that any of them will be available in abundance for some time, due either to shortage of supply or high cost of production.

Qualities essential to all soft floor coverings that receive any great amount of use are: Easy to care for; easy to stand and walk on; beautiful, yet simple, so they will provide a quiet background for other room furnishings; and practical.

In order to get the best buy, consider what your room will be used for, the price you can afford to pay, the type of rug—weave, fiber, and color—needed to stand the wear it will get, and the length of service you will want from it.

Do read the labels. Deal with a reliable merchant. Keep informed on developments in the field, including comparative prices. Be ready to take advantage of "best buys" when you need to buy.

Thought for Discussion

Price of carpet is determined by the kind and amount of materials used, plus cost of man-hours in setting up loom and weaving. Some carpets cost less because fewer man-hours are required in the manufacturing process, not because materials are inferior.

Old Year

Grace Sayre

The last day of the year has wound the clock,
The last faint ember on the hearth burns low,
December, pausing, opens up the door;
He turns to go.

But as he turns, a joyous peal of bells
Rings gaily out, beginning a New Year.
But old December, weary, goes his way,
He doesn't even hear!

Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 39—Robert Browning, "Poet of Personality" (1812-1889)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

Textbook: *The Literature of England*, II, Woods, Watt, Anderson, pp. 655-709

For Tuesday, April 20, 1954

Objective: To study Browning's life and works, that we might come to see more fully the unifying values they contribute to each other.

Browning's Love for Mankind

IN our last lesson the boy David led King Saul to inner peace by revealing anew to him the love and sympathy Christ has for men. Indeed we might say that Browning's concept of God is centered about the word *love;* in similar manner Browning's own attitude toward man and woman, is based upon the same key word.

Like Shakespeare, Browning saw the world as a stage, whose players are brought to life through the craftsmanship of a Master Artist. Like Shakespeare, Browning created all types of humanity, motivated by all the human passions: selfishness, cruelty, fleshly and intellectual lust, hate, jealousy, sloth, loyalty, love, faith, spirituality. He seeks neither to judge humanity nor to analyze and explain it, but only to condense the reality of a character into a few lines of poetry.

Immediately the question presents itself: How can Browning, who never qualifies his ringing belief in the essential goodness of both man and God, admit that evil is also an inherent part of man's nature?

Browning was fascinated by the workings of evil in man, because wherever there is evil there must also be inner conflict and struggle—a complexity of motives which challenge his powers of perception and creation. Then, too, Browning believed that, since this life is largely a testing ground, it would not fulfill its purpose were evil non-existent. Finally, the presence of evil in a person did not make him less than human. Despite our weaknesses, Browning believed we should regard each other with understanding and sympathy.

Love for mankind, then, enabled Browning to depict all types of characters. Browning's more typical use of love, however, was to elevate the beauty, the worth of married love; here the truth of human love becomes the very keystone of his view of life.

Browning's love poems are numerous, and saturated with his burning testimony that love between the sexes is the highest good on earth. In "The Last Ride Together" (not in our text), the poem concludes:

> What if we still ride on, we two
> With life forever old yet new,
> Changed not in kind but in degree,
> The instant made eternity,—
> And heaven just prove that I and she
> Ride, ride together, forever ride?

Others of his love poems are, "In a Gondola" (text, page 660); "Meeting at Night" (text, page 666); "Two on the Campagna," "Love Among the Ruins," and "My Star" (text, page 681), all acknowl-

edging the power of mortal love, yet all tending to spiritualize this relationship into something divine.

As long as English is spoken, Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Sonnets From the Portuguese* will never be forgotten by a world which loves a lover. Particularly memorable is "How do I love thee? Let me count the ways . . ." (text, page 714) which might well be read in presenting this lesson. Robert answered his lover in kind, notably in "My Star" (text, page 681) and the poem to *The Ring and the Book* which was dedicated to his wife:

O lyric Love, half angel and half bird,
And all a wonder and a wild desire—
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,
And sang a kindred soul out to his face—
Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart—
(text, page 707, lines 1-5)

Here indeed is a great love uniting two great hearts.

However, Robert Browning's greatest writings are not his love poems. To serious students of Browning, probably some of his best-loved poems are "My Last Duchess" (text, page 659); "The Bishop Orders His Tomb at St. Praxed's Church" (text, page 670); and "Rabbi Ben Ezra" (text, page 698).

The Dramatic Monologue

Browning is one of the most modern of Victorian poets. So much did he expect of readers that, for the most part, they were bewildered and could make nothing of him. Two sources of his difficulty should be mentioned. First, Browning had saturated himself so completely with his historical and imaginary materials that, to an extent, he freed himself from details in his intense concern for creating the whole. This goal of condensing into a few concentrated lines a living, unified character was so strong that Browning sometimes neglected relationship between the parts, and his readers became confused.

A second cause, producing similar difficulties, was that Browning chose the spoken monologue as his medium, and with his goal of bringing the reader immediately and intimately into a dramatic, crucial moment in the life of the speaker, the monologue wanders loosely from one idea to another, and supplies little connection between widely scattered subjects.

My Last Duchess

Note to Class Leaders:

In presenting "The Last Duchess" it would be advantageous for copies of the poem to be in the hands of class members.

Surely, for many readers, if they have loved one poem in English literature it has been "My Last Duchess" (text, page 659). And justly so, for where else in fifty-six lines is condensed an entire way of life as exemplified by two characters whom we come to know as well as these? The great delight in the poem comes when it ends abruptly and we begin to realize how far we have come in so short a distance. Then a few casual comments on a portrait are recognized for the masterpiece they are, in which every brush stroke reveals to us far more than the Duke of Ferrara intended.

The scene of the poem is an upper hallway or gallery in the palace of the Italian Duke. The time is the sixteenth century, when Italian royalty was at the height of its wealth, power, and love of culture. The Duke has slipped away from the main company of guests to discuss with a Count's envoy his request for the Count's daughter as a bride. Previous to the opening of the poem, the two men have probably been strolling about, discussing practical details for the marriage contract, interspersed with proud explanatory comments by the Duke on his various art treasures as the two men pass them by. They approach a curtained portrait; the Duke draws back the curtain, and the poem begins as the two men stand admiring the painting.

In contrast to "My Future Duchess" just being discussed, here is my *last* one, but said so impersonally that she might have been but one of many, even as the new one may be, should she prove herself unworthy. In the next two lines the Duke evaluates the painting as a work of art (not at all as a person, let alone someone he has loved), thus displaying both his discriminating critical powers and his pride of ownership. After telling the envoy that the picture was painted in one day by an artist-monk, the Duke invites him to sit beside him while they discuss the painting.

"I said 'Fra Pondolf' by design," says the Duke. But what is his design? Like all others who had not known the Duchess personally, the envoy was struck at once with the "depth and passion of its earnest glance," as if she were enamored of the artist. Seeing the astonished look on the envoy's face, indeed from past experience expecting it, the Duke "by design" points out that the artist was a celibate monk. The Duke's "design," is to justify all the evident precautions he was forced to take to prevent his lady from starting a flirtation or a love affair. He might well label as "precautions" his choosing a celibate monk as artist, and allowing the artist to be near his Duchess, but one fleet day; but when he points out that he alone uncurtains the painting—that even now, when she is either dead or imprisoned, she is his and his only, then the raging jealousy of the Duke becomes more evident.

Her great fault then stands revealed: she could not save her loveliness and "spot of joy" for him alone. While he approved of courtesy in her, a mark of good breeding, his pride suffered unbearably when he received from her merely the same dazzling smile that she freely gave to the sunset, to the mule, to anybody, even to "nobodies."

Nor could the Duke lower himself to so vulgar a level as to point out to his lovely, innocent wife her weakness. Then, says the Duke, whether she accepted my comment or fought it, I would be lowered by the mere mention of the matter "and I choose never to stoop."

Next the Duke says, "She smiled, no doubt, whene'er I passed her." We must ask why the Duke says "no doubt"? Because, in the later stages of their strained relationship, he could not even bear looking at her as he strode by. Then, true to

A Perry Picture
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
(1809-1861)

his concept of aristocracy, the Duke mentions her demise in the proper, vague, genteel language which such unpleasant subjects merit, as if to say, "Of course you, an underling, dare not ask for more details concerning her end, and, really, I have already said more than is necessary. But don't forget how violently an ill-bred woman upsets any true gentleman, and don't forget, when you return, to whisper a few proper words of wisdom into proper ears." Then, as if to conceal his true intent of mentioning so delicate a matter to a representative of his fiancee, he ends the discussion of his last Duchess by again discussing her portrait as an artistic achievement (lines 46-47).

The interview is ended. As they rise to rejoin the company, the discussion of dowry is resumed. Nor does the Duke want to be misunderstood: he is marrying the Count's daughter for her own charms, not for the sizable fortune he now insists she brings when he accepts her as worthy of his name.

As is fitting, the menial falls behind the royal Duke as they approach the stairs, but the Duke insists she brings when he accepts her heard such intimate outpourings can well be treated for a moment as an equal. The poem ends on a note exactly corresponding to its opening: the objective discussion of works of art as such, interpreted by their lord and master.

This poem can be appreciated from three different points of view. How would you evaluate it were you a fellow nobleman of the Italian Renaissance? How if you were Browning himself? How, if you were an Englishman either Victorian or modern? While it becomes almost inevitable for us to cast the Duchess as heroine, the Duke as villain, it should be pointed out that Browning himself blames or condemns neither. Possibly, then, in deference to Browning's discussed attitude toward his fellows, we should at least present the possibility that the Duke, living in the time and place he did, was not all bad, and the Duchess possibly was not all good.

Rabbi Ben Ezra

It is fitting that we conclude our study of Browning, "the poet of personality," by discussing "Rabbi Ben Ezra" (text, page 698), since it gives us Browning's own beliefs

in poetic form. In a reading of this poem it is impossible to conjure in one's inner eye any portrait of the Rabbi which does not have the face, the voice, and the ringing affirmations of Browning himself. Indeed, so completely has the poet revealed himself in his poem that it has come to be Browning; therefore, for *Rabbi* substitute *Robert;* for *Ben* substitute *Browning,* and let the E in Ezra stand for *Esquire.* Thus the poem is truly titled.

In approaching "Rabbi Ben Ezra" we should remind ourselves that Browning was never a systematic philosopher; therefore let us be grateful for whatever random morsels of his truth and beauty we find herein. We should also remember that, while Browning was never intentionally obscure, sometimes his lines are nonetheless twisted, cryptic, and difficult.

Published in 1864, three years after the death of Browning's wife, this poem states the religious and moral credo of the mature Browning. Since unity with his beloved Elizabeth was now possible in memory only, Browning here seems to inventory whatever powers and beliefs remain to sustain him.

Primarily the poem is a statement of unities: youth and age form a completeness; so do doubt and faith, flesh and soul, joy and pain, man and God, mortality and immortality, life and death. The tone of the poem is one of vigorous reassurance, of gratitude for the rich, full life which God grants to mortals, with its crowning glory of old age and, finally, immortality.

Perhaps the first stanza is the most famous one, and is widely quoted:

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made.
Our times are in his hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half. Trust God; see all, nor be afraid!"
(text, page 698, lines 1-6)

Browning's main intent is to affirm his trust in a God who, having created man and placed him on earth, proves his love for man and the perfection of his plan, by giving man life and joy (lines 55-60). But before man can know his joy, says Browning, he should come to know the doubt which lower forms of life cannot possess, but a doubt which is the necessary preliminary to a sustaining faith (lines 16-21). These noble doubts are vanquished when we realize that God has first ordained pain for man, that finally he might come to know pleasure and joy:

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!
(text, page 698, lines 31-37)

After listing misunderstandings and conflicts which have pained him, Browning uses the imagery of Isaiah and Jeremiah in comparing man to a cup made on the potter's wheel of God. God's work is good; all his materials and achievements in forming man are eternal (lines 157-162), and, knowing this, man

should "look up" and shape himself into the perfect vessel God intended him to be:

My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and
death complete the same!
(text, page 700, lines 190-192)

Questions for Discussion

1. What was Browning's attitude toward love?

2. Why is the dramatic monologue the tool ideally shaped to fulfill Browning's intent as a poet?

3. Justify the description of Browning as the "poet of personality."

Social Science—The Constitution of the United States

Lesson 6—The Philadelphia Convention

Elder Albert R. Bowen

For Tuesday, April 27, 1954

Objective: To study the environment in which the Constitution was written; to observe the methods employed by the convention in considering its provisions; and to determine the reasons why the Constitutional Convention was a success.

Importance of Convention of 1787

FARRAND, the historian, says that the Federal Constitutional Convention of 1787 was the most important convention that ever sat in the United States. Considering its great importance and the tremendous consequences which were to flow from it, it is not an an overstatement to assert that the Constitutional Convention of 1787 was one of the fateful assemblies of history. So far as political history is concerned, no assembly ever held was of greater significance to mankind. Out of it was to emerge, in a remarkably brief period of time, the greatest political document of all time.

Some of the members of the Convention sensed the significance of the task before them. James Madison (Virginia) said the Convention was "now to decide forever the fate of Republican government." Gouverneur Morris (Pennsylvania) declared: "The whole human race will be affected by the proceedings of this Convention." James Wilson (Pennsylvania), with equal seriousness, stated: "After the lapse of six thousand years since the creation of the world, America now presents the first instance of a people assembled to weigh deliberately and calmly and to decide leisurely and peaceably upon the form of government by which they will bind themselves and their posterity." James Wilson was absolutely correct in this statement. Never before in all history had there been a comparable gathering called together by the will of a sovereign people to determine their form of government.

Attendance of Delegates

The Convention was called to meet at Philadelphia on the second Monday of May in 1787. The first meeting could not be held, however,

until May 25th. It was not until then that a majority of the states were represented by delegates. This was due, in part, to difficulties attendant upon travel in those early days, and to a reluctance upon the part of some of the delegates even to attend. Indeed, some of them never attended. As we view the tremendous significance of the events which were about to be enacted upon the stage of history, it is difficult for us to comprehend the lack of foresight and sense of history-in-the-making, which kept twenty-one of the delegates named from ever attending.

In all, seventy-four delegates were named by twelve of the states. Rhode Island refused to name delegates and was never represented at the Convention. Of the seventy-four delegates named, only fifty-five ever attended. Some only attended part of the time, and average attendance was from thirty to thirty-five. The Constitution, therefore, was the product of a relatively small group of men. It is eloquent testimony of the sagacity and political wisdom of those who did the actual work.

George Washington, the Presiding Officer

The Convention met in the old State House in Philadelphia. Washington was the unanimous choice to preside. While his occupancy of the chair prevented him from taking active part in the debates, his influence was great. He was always available for advice and encouragement of the work of the Convention. It is certain that no delegate exerted a greater influence than he in bringing the Convention to a successful conclusion.

It was soon to become apparent that great powers of persuasion and conciliation would be required to hold the Convention together and to bring about the great compromises (to be studied in lesson 7), which were reflected in the final draft which was signed some three months later. Washington was to provide the diplomacy, tact, and persuasiveness necessary to the accomplishment of the work. He was, by all odds, the greatest American of his day. He was universally respected and trusted. Any cause which enjoyed his sponsorship was already half assured of success.

Much of the progress made was accomplished in informal sessions between regular meetings of the Convention. It was in these informal discussions that Washington was to prove the tremendous power of his influence. The debates upon the proposals and counter-proposals were often heated and, at times, were bitter. The weather was very hot during most of the time the Convention was in session. The long and arduous work necessary to adjust and compromise very fundamental disagreements, threatened to disrupt the Convention entirely and to make its efforts a failure.

It was during this period that Franklin made the proposal that "prayers imploring the assistance of Heaven . . . be held in this Assembly every morning." This proposal was never put to a vote. Had it been, perhaps many of the difficulties encountered might have been much more easily surmounted. To both Franklin and Washington belongs

the credit for reconciling the great differences and disputes among the delegates and in bringing about acceptable compromise solutions.

Procedure of the Convention

The Convention had full power to make its own rules, and very early in its discussions it was decided that voting should be by states, each state having one vote, and that meetings would be held in executive session in order that the delegates would be in a position to speak freely. Nothing was to be made public until the work of the Convention was finished. The delegates, to a remarkable degree, respected the decision to keep the work of the Convention confidential. Sentries were even posted at the doors of the Convention hall to keep anyone from finding out what was going on.

To illustrate how little news of the business of the Convention leaked out to the public, after the sessions had ended, a woman acquaintance of Franklin asked him, "Well, Doctor, what have we got, a republic or a monarchy?" He replied, "A republic, if you can keep it." This incident occurred in Philadelphia in the city where the Convention held all of its meetings.

A secretary was appointed and a daily journal was kept. The Convention Journal was, in reality, only a record of the motions put and votes taken thereon. It shed little light upon the actual proceedings and debates. It is to James Madison that we are indebted for by far the most illuminating and comprehensive record of what went on in the debates.

Preparedness of Virginia Delegation

The Virginia delegation was expected to play a prominent role in the Convention. It fully lived up to all prior expectations. Besides Washington, it was made up of James Madison, Governor Edmund Randolph, nominal head of the delegation, George White, and George Mason, who were prominent lawyers, and others. James Madison was to prove to be the political expert of the Convention and was destined to play a dominating role in the framing of the Constitution. In importance he stood next to Washington. This delegation, furthermore, represented what might be termed the large state faction of the Convention, which was determined to create a strong national government to cure the weakness and impotence of the Confederation. The members of the Virginia delegation were prepared. After the Convention was organized they came forward with fifteen proposals in the form of resolutions to be considered by the Convention.

Work by Committees

The actual work of the Convention (to be studied in lesson 7) was done by committees. The Virginia proposals were placed before the Convention and were immediately referred to the Committee of the Whole where they were taken up one by one. The Committee of the Whole studied and debated these resolutions for two weeks, and then reported back to the Convention in the form of nineteen resolutions. The nineteen resolutions were likewise taken up and debated one by

one. Other proposals, some from the outside, were also considered.

The work of the Convention proceeded in this way until July 26, 1787. As yet not one line of the Constitution had been written, but, with agreement reached upon each proposal considered, the Convention referred to the Committee of Detail the actual draftsmanship of the accepted proposals. It was the duty of this committee to reduce the abstract proposals which had been approved into concrete form.

Making the Draft of the Constitution

The Committee of Detail worked with tireless energy and industry, and, on August 6, 1787, reported to the Convention and furnished every member with a proposed draft. Then the work of consideration began over again. Section by section and line by line the delegates considered this draft from beginning to end. Matters of disagreement were again referred to special committees. Changes were made and incorporated until, finally, on September 8, 1787, the work of construction was complete.

With this accomplished, the work still went on, and the Constitution was placed in the hands of the Committee of Style to revise the style and arrange the articles which had been agreed to. The Committee of Style was composed of Gouverneur Morris and James Wilson, delegates of Pennsylvania. Morris wrote out the Constitution in his own hand and in a style which has ever since made it famous as an example of lucid English expression. For its language, alone, the Constitution stands among the great documents of history.

The Constitution as a document is relatively simple in form. Its language is noted for its clarity, directness of expression, and conciseness. It contains about six thousand words and is, therefore, brief, as such documents go. It contains no surplus verbiage of any kind.

The Committee of Style reported its work to the Convention on September 12, 1787. There were still further revisions until, finally, the completed work was finished on September 17, 1787. On that day the Constitution of the United States was signed by thirty-nine delegates of the twelve states represented in the Convention.

Franklin's Statements

In his final words to the Convention, Benjamin Franklin said, "It astonishes me, sir, to find the system approaching so near to perfection as it does." Franklin was past his eightieth year when named as a member of the Pennsylvania delegation. He was feeble (Farrand, *Fathers of the Constitution*, page 113) and made his greatest contribution by wise suggestions and conciliation. During the signing of the Constitution he made the remark that during the Convention "often and often" he had looked at the sun which was painted on the president's chair, not knowing whether it represented a rising or a setting sun. He then said: "Now, at length, I have the happiness to know that it is a rising and not a setting sun."

Completion of the Constitution

The writing of the Constitution

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..... Oh, May I Know the Lord As Friend—Madsen ..... .20
..... Teach Me to Pray—Jewitt ..... .15
..... That Sweet Story of Old—West ..... .20
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was indeed a memorable accomplishment. The work and proceedings of the Convention provide a guide and a pattern that all bodies who seek to enact laws or create systems of government to govern men ought to follow. The approach to this great and important task was influenced in no small degree by the admonition of Washington, who said: "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair; the event is in the hands of God."

Who would cavil at the statement of Washington? Certainly not a Latter-day Saint. The event was indeed in the hands of God, and through wise men raised up for that very purpose the Constitution had become an accomplished reality.

References

Farrand, Max: *The Fathers of the Constitution*, Yale University Press, 1921 (if available).

Smith, Joseph Fielding: *The Progress of Man*, pp. 293-294.

Questions for Discussion

1. What was the number of delegates appointed and how many actually attended the convention? What was the average attendance?
2. What was the method by which the convention did its work in writing the Constitution? Was this a good method?
3. How long was the convention in session?
4. Who actually wrote the document?
5. Did the members of the convention have any conception of the importance of their work?
6. Name some of the most important men of the convention. Did Thomas Jefferson take part? Why not?
7. Discuss the difference between the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution.

Winter Is for Mothers

Lucille Waters Mattson

Spring may be for romance, summer for children, autumn for thanksgiving, but winter is for mothers. The first snowfall should touch the spring of anticipation in a mother's heart as it does in a child's. Romps in the snow with the children, snowball fights, or making snowmen are delightful experiences.

A young mother once said to me, "All I do all winter is put on little overshoes and snowsuits and take them off again." I thought, what a lovely opportunity to kiss a rosy face, as it looks up for help with strings and buttons. What better time to teach orderliness and care of clothes?

Days too wet or cold for outside play are jewels of love set in memory by such simple things as making cookies together, or painting a page in a color book, or letting imaginations run wild in make-believe.

Summer widens the world for children, trails beckon, friends call, and many influences and interests exclude mother a little, but winter is mother's own time. Time to correct a word of slang picked up outside the home, time to teach righteousness, and honesty and generosity. A time when mother is the center of the small child's interests, winter is a golden opportunity for weaving memories. Stories by the fire, stories from scripture, fine music, and poetry will long be remembered. Long evenings are for confidences from little lips, while popping corn or pulling candy.

A warm, bright home in a world of cold, gray skies is the loom upon which mothers may weave the perfect pattern of the gospel. Not by preaching, but by living.

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Swift Sketch

Thelma J. Lund

There in the alpine meadow
The purple winter glow
Reaches tall pine shadows
Along the crusted snow.

Shale ice ledges the stream banks,
Deep water glitters clear,
Where a coyote bends with caution
To drink at the fringes of fear.

Wind whines down from the gullies,
Its blade edged sharp with avowal;
As darkness weaves, shadows together
And the coyote haunches to howl.

Color Notes of Dawn

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

Dawn is in the orchestra pit
Rendering the prelude of day
In color notes across the sky;
While mists, night-curtain gray,
Slowly rise; and the mind detects
Music beyond word—
Still, no sound is heard.

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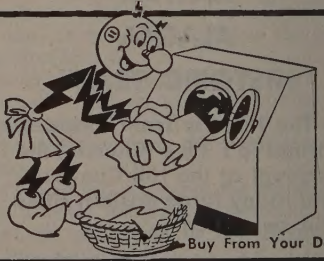

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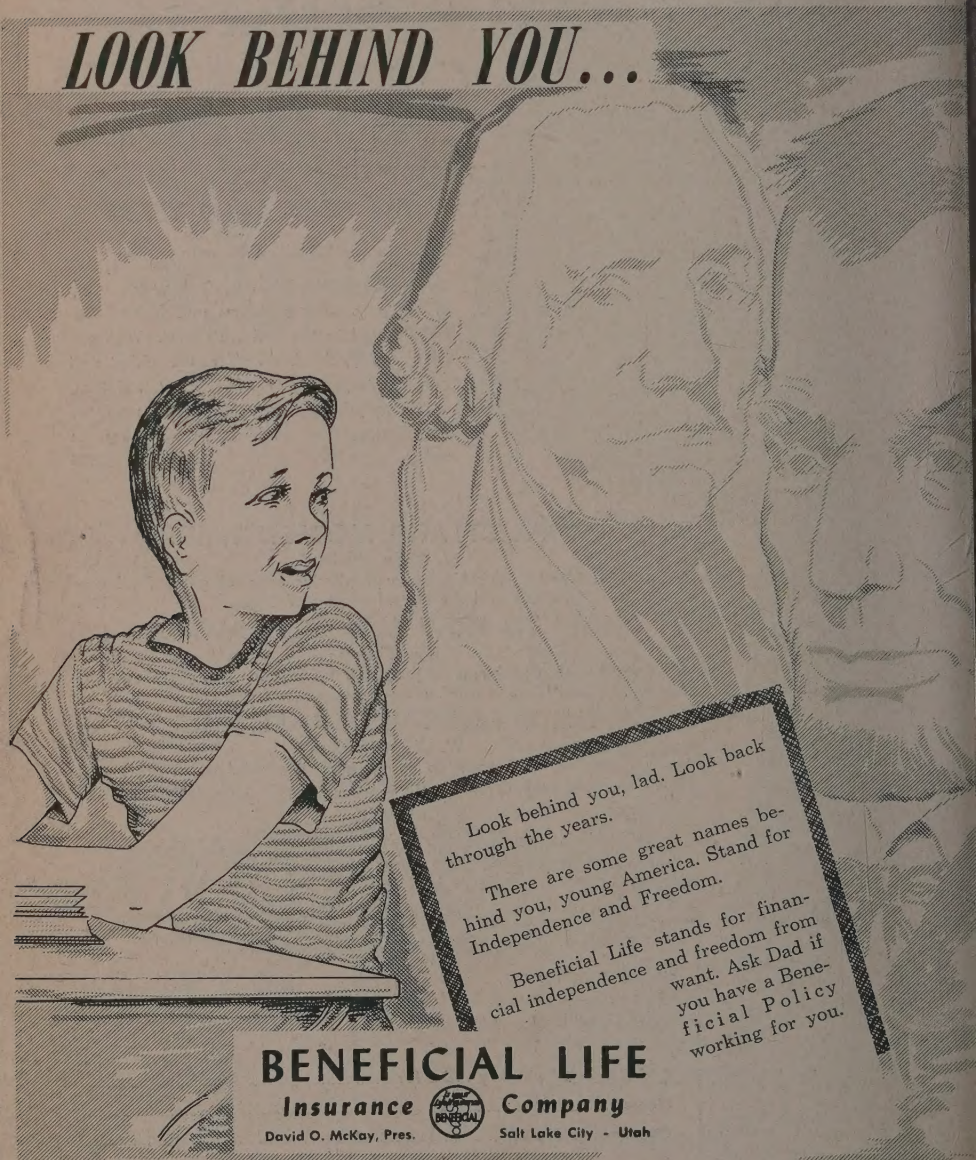

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